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NO. I.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

THE MISSION.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of the great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

KING HENRY VI.

THE Destinies of France were at the lowest. From the rapid waters of the Rhine, to the stormy coasts of the Atlantic, from Calays, to the heights of Jura, there was but a single thought, a single terror, among the inhabitants of that fair and fertile kingdom.—The English!—The victorious English!—Never, since the days of Charles the Bold, when the roving Northmen had moored their gallies on the coast, and erected their raven-standards on the conquered walls, of Neustria; never had the arm of foreign invader so paralyzed the efforts, so overawed the high, and cheerful, courage of that warlike people. Paris herself, was garrisoned by the victorious archers of the Ocean Isle; and scarce an echo, throughout the western provinces, but had sent back the twanging of their bows, and the deep terrors of their Saxon war-cry. Force and guile had hitherto been tried in vain.—If, for a moment, at the death of some bold leader on the field of his renown, fortune had seemed to smile, it was but to efface the recollection of that transitory gleam, in the dark sorrows that succeeded it. Salisbury, indeed, had fallen—but in his place, the stern and politic Bedford, than whom, a wiser regent never swayed the terrible engine of military power, lorded it over the crouching natives, with equal ability and tenfold rigor; nor could the united force of France and Scotland, the emulous and

well-matched valor of Douglas and the bold Dunois, effect more than a temporary check on men, to whom battle had become the very breath of life, and victory the certain consequence of battle.

It was at this fatal period, when the English Lion "ramped in gold" over the subject towers of every town or castle from Brest to Calays—when the feeble garrison of Orleans alone, maintained a protracted resistance—the resistance of despair—when the battle of the Herrings had put an end, even in the boldest spirit, to the hope of raising that last siege—when the trembling parliament was convened at Poitiers, and the court dwelt, shorn of half its honors, in the petty town of Chinon—when the aisles of Notre Dame were polluted by mass, and requiem chaunted in the strange dialect of the invaders.—It was at this stormy period, that the Sire de Baudricourt sat alone in his ancient chateau of Vaucouleurs!—Night had already closed around, and the small turret chamber, in which he sat, was dark and gloomy; but not more gloomy, nor more dark, than was the visage of the stern old governor. No lights had yet been brought, and the embers of an expiring fire, scarce threw their fitful illumination beyond the jambs of the vast, and tomb-like, chimney. A table covered with a faded carpet, and strewn with two or three huge folios, treatises on the arts of war, and several rude scrawls, the nearest approach to maps of which that remote age was capable, occupied the centre of the chamber; and beside it, in a high chair of antique oak, the tall, spare, form of the old warrior, his arms folded, and his teeth set, brooded over the misfortunes of his Sovereign and of his native land.—A loose robe of sad-colored velvet—gathered round his waist by a broad belt of buff, from which protruded the hilt of a long and formidable poniard—and a bonnet of the same materials, carelessly thrown upon his time-blanchèd locks, composed his present attire; though, at a few paces distance from his seat, a heart-shaped shield, dented by many a shrewd blow, and a huge two-handled *espaldron*, at least five feet in length—on which might be traced, even through the growing darkness, as the red glare of the wood-fire rose and fell in transient gleams upon its cross-letted hilt and ponderous blade, the stains of recent slaughter—together with a crested burgonet, and shirt of linked mail, lying, in confusion, in a recess formed by an embrasure, proved that the Sire of Baudricourt had not as yet neglected the practice for the theory of war, nor forgotten in his old age the lessons of hard experience, which he had been taught in the well-fought, though fatal field of Azincour, and many a disastrous battle since.

The shades of night fell darker yet, and darker—the clash of arms, without, and a repeated flourish of trumpets, mingled with the booming of the kettle-drum, announced the setting of the watch; but failed to arouse the old man from the stupor, which, it would seem, had fallen on his usually elastic and energetic spirit. There he sat, alone in the deepening gloom—like some desolate, and foiled, magician, forsaken by the very fiends, who had ministered to his success, but ministered only to precipitate his fall—gazing, with a fixed and stony eye, upon the vacant darkness.—A quick step was heard without—the fastenings of the door jingled, beneath the pressure of a hasty hand—the creaking leaves flew open, with a jar that might have roused a thousand sleepers, buried in the deepest slumbers of the flesh—but his were slumbers of the mind;—nor did he start from his chair, until the light and reverential touch of the squire, who stood beside his elbow, had thoroughly dispelled the waking dreams, which had so completely enthralled his mind.

“Damian”—he cried, as soon as he became aware of the intruder’s presence—“Damian, what wouldst thou—hast thou more ill-tidings for our ear? For by my faith, all tidings have been ill for France, these six months. Alas! alas! Poor France! Unhappy country!”—and he smote his breast heavily, as the full sense of all her miseries flashed upon his mind, stunned as it had been before, and paralyzed by the news of the last defeat.

“Not so, Beau Sire”—replied the squire; “but there is one below, urgent to see your valor—on matters, it is rumored, of high import!”

“Admit him on the instant”—was the hasty answer of the impatient baron; “on the instant! Sir—this is no time for loitering—and let those lazy knaves bring lights, and mend the fire. This is cold cheer!—Look to it, sir, and speedily.”

The dormant spark once kindled in his bosom, he did not again sink into despondency or gloom; and, till the return of the squire bearing a pair of huge waxen torches, flaming and smoking in the sudden gusts of wind, that wandered through those old apartments—he strode impatiently, almost fiercely, across the narrow floor, the solid timbers groaning beneath his still firm stride—now muttering to himself, now playing with his dagger-hilt, and now pausing awhile, to mark if he could catch the footsteps of the new-comer. “They come not yet—*Tête dieu*—the loitering knaves.—Heaven’s malison upon them!—And it may be despatches from Poitiers!—Would that it were—would that it were! *Ma foi* this garrison duty, and these dull skirmishes with the base

Flemish hogs upon the frontier, are foul checks on the spirit of a gentleman of France ! Would that it were despatches—that old Baudricourt might see once more the waving of the oriflamme, the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of France, and stand some chance of falling, as brave men should fall, among the splintering of lances, and the galloping of war-steeds, the flutter of pennons, and the merry blare of trumpets ; but *mea culpa ! mea culpa !*—What have I said or thought ?—The best, the bravest, knight is enough honored—enough did I say ?—is too much honored, so he may serve his country !—

The muttered soliloquy of the baron was interrupted by the entrance of a dozen serving men, not in rich liveries or peaceful garb, but helmed and booted, with sword on the hip, and the spur on the heel, ready alike for the service of their lord, in the hall of banquet, or on the field of carnage, and prompt to execute his bidding, almost before it were expressed. Fresh logs were heaped upon the hearth, which soon diffused a broad and cheerful glare athwart the gothic niches, and richly-tinted casements ; a dozen lights glittered around the walls—the worm-eaten folios, and dusty parchments, disappeared from the central table ; and, in their place, two massive flagons of burnished silver, with as many goblets of a yet more precious metal, sent back the mingled light of fire and torches, in a dozen streams of bright reflection. Scarce were these dispositions of the chamber completed, ere Damian returned, accompanied by the stranger, whose arrival had created so much anxiety. This was a low slight figure—apparently a stripling of some eighteen years—wrapped in a long, dark, mantle, which fully answered the purpose of a disguise, as it trailed upon the ground behind, while in front it hung far below the ancles ; a Spanish hat, much slouched over the face, with a black drooping feather, concealed the features of the wearer, as completely as the mantle did his form. Entering the turret chamber, the figure advanced quickly for about three paces, then, without uncloaking, or even removing his hat, although the stately baron had uncovered his locks of snow, in deference to his guest, turned abruptly to the squire, who had paused upon the threshold, motioning him to retire.

“Not I, by heaven !”—muttered the favorite attendant—“Not I—and that, too, at a nameless, and most discourteous, stranger’s bidding”—

“Damian !” exclaimed the old baron with a stern and solemn emphasis—“Damian ! begone.”

“My master—my honored, my adored master”—cried the squire flinging himself at the feet of the lord he had followed in

many a bloody day, and wetting his buskins with honest tears—"any thing!—any thing but this!—Bid me not leave you—and alone with yon dark stranger. Bethink you, sir, for France's sake, if not for Damian's, or your own—bethink you! It is scarce three months, since the bold Lord of Bracquemont was murdered—basely murdered—on his own hearth-stone, and by a nameless guest—who knows not, too, of the Captal de Bûche, kidnapped in his princely hall, and borne, from the midst of his own retainers, to an eternal dungeon?—Let me stay with you—Beau Sire—a Villeneuve has no ears to hear, nor eyes to see, nor hand to strike, save at the bidding of a Baudricourt."

"This must not be, good Damian"—replied the knight, but no longer in accents of anger—"this must not be!—Your fears for me have overpowered your wonted penetration. See, 'tis a stripling—a mere stripling—why, this old arm could quell—hath quelled a score of such, and thought it light work too—good Damian—So!—my faithful friend—Is your old lord so fallen in your estimation, that you dare not trust him to his own good blade, against a single boy?—Why, I have known the day you would have borne our gage of battle to Roland, and pledged your hope of golden spurs, upon our battle! Leave us awhile, good Damian! it needs not this—away!"

Reluctantly, and slowly, did the trusty squire withdraw, keeping his eye fixed on the dark cloak, and slouched head-gear, which seemed so suspicious to his loves, or to his fears; and his hand griping the hilt of his short, sharp, *estoc*, until the door closed upon him; and even then, he stood at a short distance, watching—as the grayhound straining in the slips, when the slow-hounds are making the coppice ring with their deep baying—to catch the slightest indication of tumult, or disturbance, in the chamber of his lord, that he might fly to his aid, and, if not rescue, at least die for, his benefactor. With a keen eye, and watchful, if not suspicious spirit, the old knight scrutinized the motions of his guest. Before the jarring of the ponderous door had fully announced that they were alone, the plumed hat was cast aside, revealing, by its absence, a well-formed head, covered with a profusion of black and silky hair, hanging in short, but massy, ringlets, far down the neck of the stranger, and a set of features, which might well have passed for those of a beautiful girl, but which might yet belong to extreme youth, and delicacy, in the other sex. The brow was broader, and more massive, than is often seen in women, and the eyes, though fringed with long and lovely lashes, had an expression of wild, and almost ecstatic, boldness; the rest of

the lineaments that met the eye of Baudricourt, were regular and delicate, even to effeminacy, in their chiselling.

"In God's name—what art thou?"—cried the stern warrior, losing, in the wonder, and excitement, of the moment, all the cold dignity, and hauteur, of his wonted mood—"Maiden—or page—Spirit of the blessed—or dark and evil fiend—I know not, and I care not. Speak! Stand not thus—I do conjure thee—Speak!"—

The mantle fell slowly to the ground, and a female form, of exquisite proportions, though somewhat lofty for its years, and sex, stood palpably before him. The dress had nothing to create even a moment's attention; a dark, close, robe of serge, gathered about the waist by a broad leathern girdle, and sandals of the chamois hide, and no more—but in the attitude, the supernatural expression of the features, the hands uplifted, and above all, the penetrating glance of the full and flashing eyes, there was much which, in that age of mystery and superstition, might well have led the governor to deem his visitant a being of no mortal origin.

"Thou art a lover of thy country"—she said at length, in harmonious, but slow, and solemn, tones—"a faithful servant of thy king—a fervent worshipper of the one, living, God!—I tell thee, Sire de Baudricourt, that by the special favor of the last, thou shalt save thy native land from the fury of the invader, and seat thy monarch, once again, upon the throne of his forefathers.—This shalt thou do, swear only to follow my commands—the commands of thy king, thy country, and thy God!"

"And who art thou—to speak thus boldly of the will of monarchs, and the destined mercies of Almighty power?"—cried Baudricourt, recovering somewhat from his first surprise, and becoming rapidly incredulous, nearly to the same degree, in which he had lately been the contrary.

"I might say to thee—as HE said once to his doubting servant in the wilderness, I AM—and, did I speak the words, 'twere parricidal sin in thee to doubt them. But though thy flesh is weak, and faithless, thy heart is true and loyal—therefore, I say to thee—I am the Maid of Arc—the Maid of Orleans—that shall be—and thence—the Maid of Rheims. In me hath God raised up a savior to his bleeding country—a deliverance to his people!"

"Tush—tell me not!—Heaven chooses other messengers, I trow, than such as thee, to work its miracles! Nor would thy slender form bide long the brunt of Suffolk's levelled lances, or Bedford's archery!"

"Ha!—Doubtest thou the will of the Omnipotent—doubtest thou, that He, who chose the son of the humble carpenter to be

His son, to be the anointed king and savior of the universe—doubtest thou that He can turn the frailty of the weakest girl, into an engine ten thousand times more mighty than the practised valor of the bravest veteran.—Me ! me ! has he raised up—and spite of thee, old warrior—I will save my country !—And thou—whose patriotism, whose loyalty, and whose religion, are but a mockery and a lie, thou, too, shalt see the glories, thou hast presumed to doubt !”

“Sayest thou ?”—shouted her enraged host—“sayest thou so—Wench ? By HIM that made us both, but that I deem thee mad, dearly shouldst thou rue thy contumely !”

“Even as I entered”—was the calm reply—“even as I entered, thou didst frame a wish to perish, as a brave man should, upon the field of glory.”

“Knowest thou that ?”—he gasped—“then is the fiend indeed at work here.”

“Listen, and thou shalt hear. But three nights since, I was a peasant maiden, without a care, or thought, beyond my humble duties, and my innocent, though happy, pleasures. Now am I a woman, indeed—but a woman inspired with that high, and holy inspiration, that armed, of yore, a Jael, and a Deborah, and a Judith, against the mailed oppressors of their country, and their God. But three nights since, a voice came to me in my sleep,—a mighty voice—loud as the rolling thunder, but sweeter than the breeze of summer.—‘Slumber no more’—it cried.—‘Arise ! arise ! Thou humble one, that shall be mightier, than the mightiest—arise !’—it cried, in tones that still ring in my mortal ears, like strains of unforgotten music—‘Thou that shalt save thy country !’ I started from my sleep—and there they stood—there, beside my lowly pallet—the mother of the blessed Jesus, meek, and gentle, in her exceeding beauty, and with a pure, and holy, fire in her deep-blue eyes, that spoke of immortality, bright, and all-glorious, and eternal ! And by her side there stood a mailed, and helmed, shape of glory—but his arms were of a fashion, not like thine—for his limbs were naked in their strength, and his face unshaded by the visor—a planet-star gleamed on his kingly crest, and a broad cross of living lustre flamed on the buckler of the great archangel—and they held converse with me in that low, and solitary, chamber—high, but voiceless, converse—and they told of the things that were, that are, and that shall be hereafter !—Then was I, unlearned, and rude-spoken—now, blessed be they that gave—can I speak many, and great things ; and now I say to thee—as it was said to me,—‘Arise !—Do on

thy arms of steel, and mount thy destrier—summon thy vassals, and display thine ancient banner—the Lord doth lack thy services! and”—

“And for what?”—interrupted the impatient veteran—“for what shall I do on my armor, and erect the banner of mine house—at whose bidding?”

“To speed the messenger of victory, the deliverance of France, to the king—even to the king—thou hard of heart, and stubborn—that I may say to him the words of him who sent me—‘This do, and thou shalt live!’”

“Away!” was the reply—“I will *not* don mine harness, nor bestride my charger—trumpet shall *not* sound, nor banner wave, this night”—

“Ere an hour shall go by”—the maiden again broke in with clear unfaltering voice—“ere an hour shall go by—thou unbeliever—trumpet *shall* sound—banner *shall* wave—and at thy bidding! and thou *shalt* don thine arms, and rein thy puissant steed at my command, and his that sent me. I talk not to thee of glory, or of loyalty—for it were of no avail.—I talk to thee of POWER! Power which made *thee*—as it made the fiends—made thee, and may destroy”—

“And by that Power I swear”—he shouted—

“Swear not, at all!—but hear me. Since all other methods fail—hear me and tremble. By the immortal soul of her, whose mortal body thou didst destroy, warping her purest, and most womanish, affections, to thine unholy will, and her destruction, I bid thee follow, and obey. Not that the works of Heaven need the aid of men—but that all earth may know the arm of Heaven by the union of a scarlet sinner such as thou, to a maid, as I am, humble—but, as I am—all glory be to him!—holy and innocent—wilt thou obey me?”

“Never! never!—I mock thy power—scoff at thy words.—Thou knowest not—none ever knew”—

“Knew not the clear and glassy waves of the Garonne—which thou didst render loathsome as the charnel-house? Knew not the high, and holy, stars, that heard her cries for mercy? Knew not the sitter on the throne, the maker and judge of men and things—knew not the Almighty Shepherd the fate of his still loved, though erring child?—Knew not the blood of Agnes de”—

“Speak not her name!—Speak not her name! Slay me—do with me as thou wilt—but oh, speak not her name!”—and in a paroxysm of agony, and shame, the old man dashed himself at her feet!

"Rise up—and do my bidding." And he arose, silent, and submissive, as a chastened infant; and banners *did* wave, and trumpets ring, that night!—Torches, and cressets, flashed through gothic armory, and vaulted stable!—Horses *were* saddled, and their steel-clad riders mounted, beneath the midnight moon!—The draw-bridge fell—and hollowly did its echoes sound, beneath the trampling feet, as—followed by knightly crests, and noble banners, and with that proud old governor, a willing vassal, at her bridle rein—the Maid of Arc rode forth on her first path of glory.

H.

BORDER TALES.*

WE are not now, for the first time, called upon to record our opinion of the talents of this author; we come not to the feast, which he has prepared for us, with the curious and craving appetite, that is excited by the expectation of some new and untried *friandise*, much less with the jaded and deadened palate of satiety, but with the keen and wholesome relish, which, mindful of former pleasures, is ever ready to prove the truth of the old French refrain—

On revient toujours
A ses premieres amours.

We are always happy to meet any writer, of acknowledged ability, on ground so interesting, as is afforded by the immeasurable regions of the West; and of all the authors, who have heretofore exerted their powers on this topic, we consider Judge Hall not only of the earliest, but, in many points, of the best. We are indeed of opinion, that he has never received from his countrymen—for whom, by the way, he has done so much—one tithe of the attention, much less of the approbation, to which he is justly entitled. Performing that part with reference to the literature, which his heroes have enacted towards the civilization of America, the traces of his labors have been too often obliterated, by the success of those that are now treading in his steps. With him, it has proved too much the case, as indeed it generally does, that the original pioneers have been neglected, in the admiration called forth by the happier, but far less daring cultivators; that the tamers of the wilderness have been forgotten, while the ornamentors of the clearing have been lauded to the skies. At a period when the outcry against the barrenness of American History, its inapplicability to the purposes of

* Tales of the Border, by James Hall, author of the Legends of the West, &c. &c. Harrison Hall, Philadelphia. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 276.

romance, its utter want of high and chivalrous associations, was loudest and most rife, Judge Hall came forth with his bold and absolute *negatur*! He asserted then, as he has subsequently proved, that there was a vein of materials, richer, perhaps, than ever has been worked by the novelist, on the western confines of our own country—that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there was, in immediate contact with one of the most civilized nations of the universe, a state of society, a thousand times wilder, more original, and, above all, more romantic, than that which has furnished to the Great Magician of the North, the themes of those enchanting fictions, which will continue, we believe, so long as the earth and heavens shall endure, to arrest the attention, and enchain the sympathies, of every class! A state of society, bordering on the opposite extremes of barbarism and refinement, abounding in the fiercest excitements of savage sport and warfare, yet mingled with intellectual tastes, and, in some respects, with the *bienséances* of polished life—a state of society, wherein the roughness of the sterling metal exists, with the keenness which it produces; wherein we may find freedom, bordering closely upon license, but untinctured with the vulgarity of meanness—a state of society, wherein—every man depending on his own hand to guard his own head, and to maintain the assertions of his own tongue—we find none of the chicanery, the slandering, the eating up of words, the polished hypocrisy, which are, it seems, the necessary accomplishments of a higher and more artificial situation. It was, we shall find upon investigation, a state of society not very dissimilar to this, which we have so imperfectly endeavored to sketch, that first called forth the genius of the unrivalled Scott. It was the peculiarity of the fact, that a people, adhering to customs wholly at variance with their age and geographical position,—actuated by laws and regulations, not merely different from, but actually defying, the institutions of the land,—relying on the strong hand and bold heart,—despising improvement, whether mental or mechanical, as cowardly and effeminate,—that a people, like the Gael, should exist in the heart of a country such as England, which gave birth to Waverley, and to Rob Roy! And who shall say, that there is aught more spirit-stirring, or more suited to the pen of the inspired writer, in the circumstances of the Gael, than in those of the western borderer? Who shall assert, that the wild, and dog-like, fealty of the Highlander to the Head of his Clan, is a feeling more akin to poetry, than the equally wild, but how much nobler, idea of universal liberty, that prompts the bold speech and daring soul of the Pioneer? Who shall say, that the tartans and the bonnet, are more picturesque than the fringed hunting-shirt, the beaded leggin, and the many-colored blanket? Who shall say, that the claymore of Lochiel, is a more romantic weapon than the unerring rifle of Boone? And, lastly, who shall say, that the brown moors, the wooded glens, the foaming rivulets—they are indeed no more—and the miniature lakes of Ben Lomond, and Ben

Nevis, are more picturesque, more full of sweet and wild associations, than the ocean lakes, and gigantic rivers, the illimitable prairies, and immemorial forests, of our western territories? These, however, are the themes for poetry or for romance, that lay like fountains in the wilderness, unvalued, because unknown, till Hall came forth, and drew them from the oblivion of ages, into the popularity they so well deserve, and are now beginning to enjoy. If others have reaped the harvest, which he was among the first to sow, not to them be the undivided honor, but to the man who aided to plant that tree, beneath the shelter of which their crops arose.

We are indeed, in one respect, an inconsistent people! We rail at our writers, if they follow in the footsteps of the English novelists, and we desert them if they quit the beaten track! We make a great clamor about the patronage due to native genius, and we suffer it to die of exhaustion and poverty! We complain of the want of an original school of literature, and when, by chance, a strong and daring mind bursts through the trammels, which our own bad taste has imposed upon it, we frown into silence, or smile into contempt, that very spirit, for whose advent we would fain be thought to watch, in breathless expectation!

Thus—while the merest trash in the shape of romance or novel, that emanates from the English press, only to slumber on the dusty shelves of some fifth-rate bookseller's back warehouse, is printed and reprinted, read and re-read, from one end of the Union to the other—the rich freshness of our own undiluted and unfiltered writers, is passed over, with the condemnation of faint praise, by the contemporary critics.

The standard of criticism adopted in this country, is, for the most part, equally unjust, and incorrect. Our criticism is comparative, not absolute! We praise a book, because we fancy that it bears some faint resemblance to some other book bepraised in London—for a similar reason we condemn another—and wo betide the author, whose book we can compare to nothing. We stare at him as a prodigy—as a South Sea islander would regard a steam-boat, or a Cockney an alligator—with mingled astonishment and alarm. We take our fill of gazing and of wonderment, but we neither praise nor censure; oh no! that would be committing ourselves. We can judge whether a work of fiction, if romantic, resemble *Ivanhoe*; or, if fashionable, *Pelham*; we have heard that these are good, and therefore, Mr. American Author, if you copy either of these great models pretty well, we will plaster you to your heart's content—otherwise—avaunt! We will have none of ye!—Unless, indeed, you should, by chance, creep across the Atlantic, and there receive the final *imprimatur*. Then we shall be upon sure ground—then, although a million of times inferior to other American works, which have never been heard of in Pater Noster Row, never been republished in Ave Maria Lane, and which have therefore died birth-strangled in their native land, we can venture upon puffing your

book, and pronouncing yourself to be a man—an author—an ornament to yourself, and to your country. And is there never to be an end of this?—*QUOUSQUE TANDEM?*—Shall we never emancipate ourselves from the literary, as our good fathers did, before us, from the political, leading-strings of Europe? Now is the moment! We have a dozen writers, at this time, of whom any country might be proud, and who would, in England, in a few years, accumulate princely fortunes; and some of these we hardly deign to notice. We have a hundred others, who, in Europe, if Europeans, would be consigned to utter oblivion; and these, because, by favor or flummery, they have got themselves pronounced by London critics pretty good for Americans, we are content to venerate. Of the former class, Judge Hall is one! His originality alone, in any place, wherein originality is considered other than a proof of eccentricity, would secure for him, without any of the thrilling interest, picturesque description, and racy language, with which all his writings abound, a large portion both of profit and of praise.

The work, which lies before us, although we dare not pronounce it superior, or perhaps even equal, to some of his previous books, is characteristic of the man, fresh, strong, exciting, and decidedly clever. The *Pioneer* is an admirable story—an Indian-hater—who, in his early boyhood, has lost all his family by the tomahawk and scalping knife—who has waged a war of vengeful extermination against *all and sundry*, as the Scottish outlaw has it—and who has at last discovered, in his long-lost, captive, sister, an Indian squaw, contented, and a willing victim—becomes a teacher of the truths, which, in early life, he has trampled under foot. A nobler subject can hardly be conceived, and Hall has treated it nobly. We extract from it, as largely as our limits will permit, and that which we consider its strongest passage.

“The recognition was mutual; all parties being satisfied, that we were indeed the children of the same parents.

“This conversation lasted until night, when I declined an invitation to sleep in the lodge, and set out in a direction towards home; but no sooner was I out of sight of the Indian camp, than I made a circuit through the woods, and, having reached a spot directly opposite to the course on which I started, prepared to rest until morning. Such was my habitual caution, and such my distrust of an Indian, even though married to my sister.

“Early in the morning I sought their camp. They were not surprised to see me—having understood, and no doubt applauded, the caution, which induced me to lodge apart from them. We breakfasted together; and my sister conversed with me more freely than before. The Indians had treated her kindly, and she was satisfied with her condition. When I asked her if she was happy, she cast an enquiring glance at her husband, and shook her head, as if she did not understand the question. I desired to know if her husband treated her kindly, when she replied, that he was a good hunter, and supplied her well with food,—that he seldom got drunk, and had never beaten her but once, when, she had no doubt, she deserved it; to which the husband added, that she behaved so well as to require but little correction. As the restraint, caused by my presence, began to wear away, and I was left to converse with her more freely, I invited her to forsake her savage companion, to place herself under my protection, and to resume the habits of civilized life. She received my proposition coldly, and declined it with a slight smile of contempt.

“The whole interview was painful and embarrassing. I could not look at the Indian husband of my sister without aversion, and her children, with their dark wild eyes, and

savage features, were to me objects of inexpressible loathing. Between my sister and myself there were no points of sympathy, no common attachments, nothing to bind us by any tie of affection or esteem, or to render the society of either agreeable to the other. The bond of consanguinity becomes a feeble and tuneless chord, when it ceases to unite hearts which throb in unison; like the loosened and detached string of a musical instrument, it has no melody in itself, but only yields its delightful notes, when attuned in harmony with the other various affections of the heart. There had been a time, when the name of *sister* was music to my ear, when it was surrounded with tender and romantic associations, and when it called up those mingled emotions of love, respect, and gallantry, with which we regard a cherished female relative. But I had seen her, and the illusion was destroyed. Instead of the lovely woman, endued with the appropriate graces of her sex, I found her in the garb of the wilderness, the voluntary companion of a savage, the mother of squalid imps, who were destined to a life of rapine; instead of a gentle and rational being, I saw her coarse, sunburned, and ignorant—without sensibility, without feminine pride, and with scarcely a perception of the moral distinctions between right and wrong. I left her. We parted as we had met, in coldness and suspicion. She gave me no invitation to repeat my visit, and I had secretly resolved never to see her again.

"In sorrow did I begin to retrace my steps towards my own dwelling. Slowly, and under a sense of deep humiliation, did I wander back to the habitations of my own people. My heart was changed. A shadow had fallen upon my spirit, which gave a new hue to all my feelings. I could feel that I was an altered man.

"I reached the edge of the prairie, and seated myself upon an elevated spot, under the shade of a large tree. The wide lawn was spread before me, glowing with the beams of the noonday sun. A gentle breeze fanned my temples that were throbbing with the excitement of deep emotion. The angry passions of my heart were all hushed. The storm of the soul had ceased to rage. Revenge was obliterated. The blight of disappointment had fallen upon me, and withered all the currents of feeling. The past was a dream—a chaos. New-born feelings struggled for existence. I pronounced my sister's name, and burst into tears.

"How grateful it is to weep, when the heart is oppressed! How soothing is that gush of tenderness, which, as it pours itself out, seems to relieve the bursting fountains of sensibility, and to draw off a flood of bitterness from the soul!

"A more calm and a more wholesome train of reflection succeeded. I had long cherished a vision which one moment had destroyed. In the place of an infant sister who was lost to me, I had created the image of an ideal being, who became invested with all the loveliness, which an ardent fancy could depict—and giving the rein to my imagination, I had alternately revenged her death, or had indulged the fond anticipation of meeting her again, not only in the bloom of womanhood, but in the possession of those virtues and attractions, which give dignity and beauty to the female character. She had been the companion of my childish sports; and while I cherished an intense fondness for my early playmate, could I doubt that her heart, if still in existence, throbbed with a responsive feeling? I had seen her, and the illusion was dispelled. The murderers of our mother and our father had taken her to their bosoms, and her destiny was linked with theirs. She was the wife and mother of savages.

"Yes—*my sister*,—she, for whom I would willingly have offered up my life, and whose image had so long been treasured in my memory, was contented, perhaps *happy*, in the embraces of a savage, at the very time when I was lying in ambush by the war-path, or painfully following the trace of the painted warrior, to revenge her supposed wrongs. And she had witnessed from childhood those atrocious rites, the very mention of which, causes the white man's blood to curdle with horror, and had grown familiar with scenes of torture and murder,—with the slaughter of the defenceless prisoner, and the shrieks of the dying victim. She had assisted in decking her warrior husband for the battle-field, and receiving him to her arms, while the guilty flush of the midnight massacre was still upon his cheek. She had heard him recount his exploits. She had listened to the boastful repetition of his warlike deeds, wherein he spake of the stealthy march towards the habitations of the white man—of the darkness that hung round the settler's cabin—of the silence and repose within—of the sudden onset—of the anguish of that little family, aroused from slumber by the flames curling over their heads, and the yells of savages around them—of the children clinging to their mother, and the wife slaughtered upon her husband's bosom—with all the revolting particulars of those demoniac scenes of carnage. She had been an attentive and an approving auditor, for her husband was the narrator and the hero, and her children were destined to acquire reputation by emulating his achievements.

"It was enough to have met her in that hated garb—to have seen her sallow cheek, her wary eye, and her countenance veiled in the insipid ignorance of an uncivilized

woman—to have found her the drudge of an Indian hunter—to have learned that she had forgotten her brother, and become estranged from the people of her blood—but the conviction that she was the willing companion of murderers, the wife of a trained assassin, weighed down my heart with a pang of unutterable anguish.

“But if they were murderers, what was I?”

“I was startled. I looked around; for it seemed as if a voice had addressed me. But there was no one nigh—no form was to be seen, and not a footstep rustled the grass. It was conscience that asked that question. It was the inward moving of my own spirit. There was nothing around me to suggest it. I looked abroad upon the plain, and all was silent, and beautiful, and bright. The sun was shining in unclouded lustre over the spacious lawn, the flowers bloomed in gaudy splendour, the bee was busy, and the bird sang. The face of nature was reposing in serene beauty, and every living thing was cheerful, except myself.

“And why was I unhappy? A blight had fallen upon my youth, and every tie that bound me to my race was severed. True; but others had been thus bereaved, without becoming thus incurably miserable. They had formed new ties, and become re-united to humanity by other affections, while I had refused to be comforted. They had submitted to the will of God, while I had followed the devices of my own heart.

“These reflections were painful, and I tried to resume my former train of thought. But conscience had spoken, and no man can hush its voice. We may wander long in error, the perverted mind may grope for years in guilt or in mistake, but there is a time when that faithful monitor within, which is ever true, will speak. That small still voice, which cannot be suppressed, again and again repeated the appalling question:

“If they are murderers, what are you?”

“The difference, I replied, is that between the aggressor and the injured party. They burned the home of my childhood, and murdered all my kindred. I have revenged the wrong. They made war upon my country, ravaged its borders, and slew its people. I have struck them in retaliation.

“But had *they* suffered no injury? Was it true that they were the first aggressors? I had never examined this question. Revenge is a poor casuist; and, for the first time in my life, I began to think it possible, that mutual aggressions had placed both parties in the wrong, and that either might justly complain of the aggressions of the other.

“That which gave me the most acute pain, and which was the immediate cause of the self-accusatory train of reflection into which I had fallen, was the conviction that nearly my whole life had been passed in delusion. I had imagined the death of a sister who was living—I had punished, as her destroyers, those who had treated her with kindness—I had spent years in a retaliating warfare, which, so far as she was concerned, was unjust. I had watched, and fought, and suffered incredible hardships, for one, who neither needed my interference, claimed my protection, nor was capable of feeling any gratitude for the sacrifices which I had made. If, in respect to her, I had been thus far deluded, might I not have been in error in regard to other parts of my scheme? Admitting that it was justifiable to revenge the murder of my parents, had I not exceeded the equitable measure of retaliation? It is one of the strongest arguments against the principle of revenge, that it is directed by no rule, and bounded by no limit. The aggrieved party is the judge of his own wrong, and the executioner of his own sentence; and the measure of recompense is seldom in proportion to the degree of offence.

“When once the heart is disturbed by suspicions of its own rectitude, and the work of repentance is commenced, there is no longer any neutral ground upon which it is satisfied to rest. It must smother the suggestions of conscience, or carry them out to complete conviction. Adopting the latter course, I went mournfully home, resolved to study my own heart. Resorting to that sublime code of morals, some of whose precepts had been impressed upon my infant mind by the careful solicitude of a mother, and testing my conduct by its unerring rules, I learned to look back with horror upon the bloody path which I had trod through life; and I determined, by the usefulness of my future years, to endeavour to make some atonement for my former guilty career of crime and passion.

“The garb I now wear, and the employment in which you find me, sufficiently explain the result of my reflections, and the extent of my reformation.”

Of the other tales, which, though all good, are inferior to the first, our favorites are, “the Dark Maid of Illinois,” and “the New Moon.” “The French village” and “the Silver Mine” are humorous; and we do not consider our author so successful in wit as in the *grande tragique*. “The New Moon” is an exquisite delineation of the devoted affection,

and undying constancy, under neglect, desertion, and despair, of an Indian wife. Could we afford space, we would willingly select many passages for the amusement of our readers; but the necessity of making way for other topics, admonishes us to bring the present article to a conclusion; which we do in the full hope that we have said enough to induce our readers to devote a little time to the perusal of a work, which they cannot fail to admire. Should our lucubrations, by good fortune, effect wider results than we at present anticipate, we shall indeed be proud and happy; for we have long been of opinion, that the only check upon the literature of America, is the double injustice done to it by the very persons who should be foremost in its support—the injustice of depreciating a good commodity because domestic, and the yet baser injustice of lauding and encouraging things certainly useless, and perhaps pernicious, because of foreign manufacture!

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Mine eyes out-worn with watching and with wo,—
Faint as the wrestler yielding to his foe,—
“In vain, fair morn, in vain thou wakest on high!”—
I cried—“False! false are nature's hues divine,
And heaven, though bright with glorious tints it shine,
Smiles but in mockery of the things that die!

“Earth has no truth!—a dream!—a hope!—a lie!—
A heart-illusion feebly fleeting by!—
Its sole reality the pain and strife!—
A flash—athwart the mind's horizon sent!—
A spark—scarce seen, before its light is spent—
Now here, now flown!—Are these the ALL of life?

“The more we gaze, the darker grows the night—
God but a name—for all that mocks the sight—
A deep mysterious gulf—that tombs the mind!
All soars—all sinks!—As dusty clouds—that fly,
Spurned by some thoughtless foot, from earth to sky—
Return to earth, and leave no wrack behind!”

With envious heart, I gazed on each dull thing,
That living knows not life, nor feels the spring
Of passion, wrapt in dreamless, dead, repose—
On the chill rock, the verdure-mantled clay,
I gazed, with bitter glance that seemed to say—
“Why not—at least—why not as blest as those?”

But soon that glance, roving as pilot's eye—
 Who seeks his star-god in the shrouded sky—
 Fell on a humble grave, and rested there!
 Sweet grave—memorial of the holy dead—
 Where the rathe verdure, o'er a mother's head,
 By teardrops watered, glistens fresh and fair.

There—when the angel of that mortal shrine
 Had quenched its spark in heavenly light divine—
 Its fading lamp in noontide's perfect ray—
 Her home I dug, beneath the sacred shade
 Of altars, by her love more sacred made!—
 Dark home!—Bright gate of everlasting day!

There, in her hope, *SHE* sleeps, who death defying
 Still sought my eye, still smiled on me in dying—
 The heart, sole fount of mine, its life the same—
 The breast, that lulled me to its pure repose—
 The arms, soft cradle of my infant woes—
 The lips, from which love, lore, religion came.

There, sleep *HER* sixty years—whose every thought
 With meekest, holiest, sympathy was fraught—
 Long years of hope, and innocence, and faith;—
 There, all her homage to the throne on high;—
 Her humble claims to immortality,
 Despising still, and still subduing, death;—

Her sleepless nights—to tend the stranger's bed;
 Her scanty fare—to yield the orphan bread;
 Her tears—still prompt at sight of tears to flow;
 Her cravings for a brighter home on high;
 Her patience—that endured, without a sigh,
 The painful life, whose crown is not below.

And wherefore?—That a dark and loathsome hole
 Should swallow this pervading, quenchless, soul?—
 That earth should teem with that, which angels miss?—
 That the fat grass should wave, upon her tomb,
 Ranker and greener in its charnel bloom?—
 A little clay had all sufficed for this!

Ne'er, to illumine three steps of mortal night,
 Had God created this prevailing light—
 This soul, prophetic, self-restrained, sublime!
 In vain we mark the grave's depressing gloom!—
 Oh virtue, thou art mightier than the tomb,
 More evident than death, more strong than time!

My eye, no more by doubt, or terror, shrouded,
 Rose from the earth, serene, convinced, unclouded;—
 The star was found, whose beams my soul did crave!
 Life has no weariness, and death no dread,
 For him, whose youth a saintly parent led!
 Who—who can doubt upon a mother's grave?

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Look here upon this picture, and on this.

SHAKESPEARE.

And the soldier upon his cross-hilt leaned, and the hunter upon his bow,
While the ancient told how the world went on a hundred years ago.

THE FRIAR OF FARTHINGHAM.

THE world is at this moment divided into two great parties—"The march of mind" people, and "The good old times" people. We don't know which the reader belongs to; perhaps to neither. If so, his condition is like our own, "on the fence;" and he certainly can have no objection to jog along with us through the backward path of years, and by comparing the old travelled track with the new Macadam road just opened, help us to make up our opinion of the respective merits of the two; of the charm that is hid in the devious windings, the picturesque turns, and the romantic openings of the one—and the utility that flares in the downright straightforwardness and clean expedition of the other. But even should he chance to be a confirmed partisan of either faction, we would still solicit his company and countenance. Men are all beings of sympathy in this shivering world, and while we feel ourselves too indolent to enter alone upon the abstruse study of the past, with such a tutor we may still prove a hopeful pupil—we may be won at last from doubt and hesitation, and either warm into a devout believer in feudalism, hair-powder, and Bogart's crackers,* or stiffened into the full faith of Ameliorating societies, Macassar oil, and "Graham bread." We may, in a word, either unite with the reader in restoring an old edition of Froissart, or we may whiz off together with him in a new locomotive of our own construction.

In attempting to exhibit the contrast between the existing state of the world and its condition a hundred years ago, a very slight examination of the field before us shows that this apparently simple proposition contains within itself the germs of all the sciences, and the history of all the achievements of the physical and intellectual energies of man. The subject is not merely vast, but infinite; and the attempt to investigate it in such a paper as this would be as absurd as the ingenuity of the Irish picture hanger, who in order to get a given number of portraits into the same gallery, placed them all edgewise to the wall, and presented only their

Vide "Rapelje's Travels."

frames to the beholder. Leaving, therefore, to deeper learning and profounder philosophy the innumerable subjects which present themselves to the observer of the progress of man within a century—such as the vast field of maritime discovery; the wonderful progress of the exact sciences; the astonishing inventions of the mechanic arts; the researches of natural philosophy; the improvements in jurisprudence; the advances of constitutional governments; and the dissemination of religion—on each and all of which not essays nor volumes merely, but libraries might be written—let us see how the literature, manners, and costume of 1735 differed from those of 1835: let us examine into the political condition of the world a century since, or follow up the improvements in the art of war during the last eventful hundred years. The last branch of our subject will have greater attractions for the reader than either of the others, if, like ourselves, he belongs to the militia and thinks that under the present threatening aspect of France, we ought to recall our martial lore as well as furbish up our regimentals. Literature, manners, and politics, like the fly on the wheel in the fable, may wait their *turn*.

The most cursory observer must be struck at the vast alterations which a century has made in the *magnitude of armies*, the *mode of warfare*, and the *results of campaigns*. The immense armaments of Europe from the breaking out of the wars of the French Revolution to the present day, form assuredly one of the most striking features of the times, and one which no preceding age of the world has in any degree paralleled. We put out of view, in making this statement, the barbarian wars of Asia, and those invasions of the Goths, and Hunns, and Moguls, and Tartars, by which Europe has repeatedly been overwhelmed, and in which (to reverse the language which has been applied to the crusades) “*Asia, torn from its foundations, seemed to precipitate itself upon Europe,*” for these irruptions should rather be termed the migration of nations, driven by famine from their desert homes, and inundating the cultured fields of civilized man with hosts, not of soldiers, but wild barbarians, fighting for food and waging a war of extermination. We equally exclude the celebrated invasion of Xerxes, whose unnumbered followers were not soldiers, nor fitted to contend with soldiers, but the effeminate attendants and slaves, who follow at this day the monarch of the sultry east, to swell his magnificence and minister to his luxury, and who were no more fitted to combat with the iron bands of the Greeks, than the poor Hindoos of the present day to contend with the discipline and arms of the British soldiery. But glancing over the history of civilized nations, we are struck at the smallness of the armies by which wars have been

conducted, and the government of nations enforced. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, when the Roman Empire was coextensive with the known world, and the flight of the imperial eagles was from the Euphrates to the Tweed, the Roman military force was thirty legions, constituting (according to Gibbon's estimate) three hundred and seventy-five thousand men. At the present time, the standing army of what was a single province of Rome, of France, under its *citizen king*, is four hundred thousand men.

In passing to modern times, and to the revival of the art of war in Italy, it is almost ludicrous to peruse the wars of that peninsula before the advent of Gonsalvo, when we hear of fierce battles lasting for hours, in which fifteen, ten, and we believe in one instance, not a single man was slain. Swelling in numbers, as the armies did, with the increasing revenues of kingdoms, we find during the wars of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the fate of dynasties affected by armies of twenty thousand men and less. At the close of the long wars between Spain and Holland, the army of Spinola, the celebrated Spanish commander, was about fifteen thousand men. During the bloody conflicts of Catholics and Protestants, which desolated all Germany for thirty years, the army of Wallenstein which checked the great Gustavus and saved the House of Austria, was forty thousand. Charles the Twelfth won the battle of Narva with only eight thousand Swedes.

Coming down to still later times, we find in the rebellion of 1745, four or five thousand Scotch Highlanders marching to the centre of England, and causing the House of Brunswick to totter. In our revolutionary war, the grand armament under Sir William Howe, which occupied New-York, was probably over-estimated at twenty-four thousand men; Burgoyne's army could not have exceeded eight thousand, and Cornwallis surrendered seven thousand to Washington.

These details place in strong relief the enormous military establishments of our times. That of France we have already mentioned. The feeble territory of Holland keeps on foot seven thousand men; Prussia has two hundred and fifty thousand; Austria probably one hundred thousand men; and the Emperor Alexander at his death was styled the master of eight hundred thousand bayonets. Nor are these the pageants of kings—mere sunshine warriors and summer soldiers. They are the most efficient troops the world has seen, formed on the last best models of discipline, and comprising veterans of battles, commensurate with such gigantic proportions. At Waterloo, the number of combatants must have approached two hundred thousand men: at Borodino, under the walls of Moscow, they were computed at two hundred

and sixty thousand; and at Wagram, where Bonaparte in one day beat down the monarchy of Austria, the French accounts state his army at one hundred and eighty thousand men, and his artillery at one thousand two hundred pieces!

Such immense hosts are the result, in part undoubtedly, of the greater population and wealth of modern kingdoms over those of the middle ages, but chiefly of the systems of credit, national loans, and paper currency, which representing and pledging in almost unlimited extent, render productive to an almost infinite degree, the labour and resources of kingdoms.

The mode of warfare and the plan of campaigns are entirely dissimilar from those of the last and preceding century. Battles were then indeed fought, and bloody ones too, but their object seems to have been chiefly the promotion or obstruction of the siege of fortified places, the great object and end of military operations. The commencement of the last century was the age of *engineers*, of Vauban and Cohorn, and the generals who gained their laurels in the attack and defence of towns. The veterans of our time, introduced on the stage or in novels, talk of the Bridge of Lodi—the burning of Moscow—or the passage of the Beresina; but the old soldier of STERNE, remembers only the siege of Dunkirk—marching through the breach—the labours of the trench—the passage of the ditch—the battering of the curtain. The terms of art, which were so familiar to our ancestors—such as lines of *circumvallation* and *counter-vallation*, *counter-scarp*, *bastion*, and *ravelin*—are now unknown to the citizen, and we imagine not familiar to the professional soldier. Flanders was formerly the battle-field of Europe, and its strong holds—"Namur," "Mons," "Bergen-op-Zoom," and "Antwerp"—were as household terms to the politician.

The system of war a hundred years ago, seems to have been to take one by one all the fortified towns of a country. To pass one without a siege, to leave one fortress in the rear, seems to have been a rare, and to have been deemed a dangerous occurrence. Hence the singular inefficiency of military efforts. The Duke of Marlborough fought five campaigns against the French: his armies being very numerous for the times, amounting occasionally to above one hundred thousand men, gained numerous and sanguinary battles, and at the end of his career, which has rendered him immortal in history, advanced into the territory of France perhaps one hundred and fifty miles. His battle was followed by the capture of a single town, and his victory was rewarded by the gain of a fortress. This warfare was indeed eminently scientific, its results, as far as sieges were concerned,

being susceptible of mathematical calculation. It was the peculiar glory of Vauban to complete the system of the defences of towns, so that succeeding science has been able to add but few improvements; and then turning his attention to the attack of towns to perfect that system, which renders an attack irresistible, and indeed reduces it to a problem, in which the means of attack and defence being given, mere figures will give the duration of time adequate to the capture.

Napoleon has changed all this. His comprehensive system embraced the conquest, not of fortresses, but provinces; not of towns, but empires. Rising above the petty rules of his predecessors, his plans embraced vast strategic movements: passing by fortified places, he poured his masses toward the capital of the enemy by combined movements, in subservience of his maxim of bringing the greatest number of men to a single point; and victory at Wagram, at Jena, placing Vienna or Berlin in his power, the keys of the petty citadels, for which the old school warrior would have toiled and bled, were laid spontaneously at his feet.

Naval victories can never exercise the same influence over the destinies of nations, that results from the issues of contending armies; but in pointing out the improvements in the art of war, which the past century has elicited, we must not omit the new system by which fleets are manœuvred: a system remarkable for its discovery, as well as for the decisive consequences that have ensued from it. During the whole of the last century, the English navy was predominant on the ocean. And the English sailors in the conflict of single ships, rarely failed to exhibit superiority of discipline and seamanship over all their European antagonists. But in battles between fleets, it was otherwise. They were so continually foiled by the French, that Voltaire lays it down as a proved proposition, that naval battles are in their nature indecisive. The history of one engagement was the history of all. The English ships ranged in line of battle to the windward, bore down upon their French foes, lying in a parallel line to the leeward, who from this advantage of position were enabled by raking fires so to disable their assailants, that a successful retreat when the action became unfavourable was uniformly in their power. From their ineffective proceeding it happened that in engagement after engagement, the fleets separated without the loss of a ship—sometimes with scarce the loss of a man. If in one or two instances a different result occurred, as when Sir Edward Hawke destroyed the French fleet in Quiberon Bay, it was because a storm disarranged the tactics of the English Admiral, or a panic in the French officers drew them from their prudent manœuvring.

We read of five bloody successive actions in the Indian Ocean between the English Admiral Hughes, and the French Admiral Suffrein, in which neither fleet lost a single ship. The English threw upon their commanders the fault of the system. Admirals were dismissed the service ; and the unhappy Byng was murdered, because the tactics of the age were erroneous. At last a Scotch gentleman—a landsman, who, it is said, had never made a voyage, from a careful examination of the naval annals, discovered the errors of the proceeding ; and pointed out to Rodney the means of so breaking the enemy's line as to destroy inevitably part of the opposing squadron, or to ensure a close and decisive engagement of the whole. The whole aspect of naval war was instantly changed. Every action became decisive. The new system was carried into victorious results under Rodney, and Howe, and Duncan—and in the career of Nelson, from the defeat of the Spanish fleet at St. Vincent, until the bloody waves of Trafalgar extinguished that thunderbolt of war.

The primary cause of the greater effects of modern warfare is doubtless to be found in the different *spirit*, which now animates the conflicts of nations. For a century previous to the French revolution, the religious animosities, which had infused such savage rancor into the wars of Germany, had subsided ; and the causes of hostilities had resumed their usual routine in the ambition of statesmen, and the aggrandizement of dynasties. The profession of arms became a part of a liberal education ; and all the commissions in the army being engrossed by the gentry, it could not be expected that the great body of the soldiers, debarred from promotion and confined for ever to a degraded caste, would warmly sympathize in the monarch's ambition ; while the affair of a siege, or a campaign, became to the aristocracy an elegant amusement, more exciting than the turf—and more honourable than the card-table. Hence resulted the interchange of civilities between contending generals, which lend such relief to the details of battles. The duke de Crillon's presents and compliments to Elliott at the siege of Gibraltar, and the loan of money of the French marshal to the emperor Leopold, are familiar anecdotes. The curious incident at the battle of Fontenoy, where the French under marshal Saxe, defeated the English under the duke of Cumberland, deserves a more particular mention, as illustrative of the spirit of the times, and the temper with which hostilities were conducted. It is thus related by Voltaire in his Age of Louis XV. "The English officers saluted the French by pulling off their hats. The count Chabonne and the duke Biron, who were advanced, and all the officers of the French guards

returned the salute. Lord Charles Hay, Captain of the English guards, cried—‘Gentlemen of the French guards—fire!’

“The count d’Auteroche replied in a loud voice,—‘Gentlemen, we never fire first—fire yourselves!’”

The English accordingly waived etiquette, and the politeness of their adversaries seems to have been rather costly.

“The English,” continues the historian, “made a running fire by divisions—nineteen officers of the French guards fell wounded at this single discharge—ninety-five soldiers were killed—two hundred and eighty-five were wounded—eleven Swiss officers were wounded, also two hundred and nine soldiers, of whom sixty-four died on the spot.”

But when the French revolution burst forth—redressing real wrongs—affecting real rights—these fantastic and ridiculous extravagancies disappeared, as the floating gossamers of the air are swept before the tempest. Its exciting invocations to insurrection and rebellion; its deep-toned battle-cry, “*Peace to the cottage—war to the castle*; the wide-spread alterations it proposed—the phrenzied eagerness with which its principles were adopted—brought back to European hostilities the wild ferocities of barbarous ages, and banished, for a time at least, all that could disguise for a moment the horrid front of war.

It was the opinion of the wisest philosophers, at the close of the last century, that the science of war had approached perfection. An illustration at once of this sentiment, and also of the danger of political prophecy, will be found in the reflections on the state of Europe, with which the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire closes the earlier volumes of his work. It was rarely that the skeptical mind of Edward Gibbon ventured on a positive opinion of future events; and, if we could select any man, in the whole range of literature, on the conclusion of whose mind as to the fate of nations, reliance might be securely reposed, it would seem to be this brilliant genius who had observed, with an eagle glance, the revolving course of human affairs for seventeen centuries, and who united to the most unbounded erudition, penetrating acuteness and cool and reflecting philosophy.

Mr. Gibbon, before the commencement of our revolutionary war, surveying the existing state of the European kingdoms, thought himself justified in assuming that the perfection to which the art of war had been carried, placed a barrier to any future extensive conquest, and more particularly by barbarians over the civilized kingdoms of Christendom; and, carrying his assertions still further, pronounced that the north of Europe had nothing to fear from the south. Writing at a time when the Great Frederic

still reigned in Prussia, and Catharine the Second in St. Petersburg, and when Louis the Sixteenth and a kindred Bourbon were the monarchs of France and Spain, he concludes one of his flowing periods with the remark that "a Julian and a Semiramis may reign in the north, while Arcadius and Honorius slumber on the thrones of the south." The unhappy Louis, who lived to endure severer blows, is said to have been hurt and mortified by this allusion.

But our business is with the failure of the prophecy. The ink was scarcely dry on the historian's page, when the French revolution commenced, drawing in its train a series of conquests unparalleled since the age of Charlemagne. From one extremity of the continent to the other, armies have marched in desolating conquests. Spain, and France, and Italy, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Prussia, Poland, and Russia, in turns have been overwhelmed by the storm of war. Nor has victory been confined to civilization and science. It would rather appear from the concluding scenes of the war, that the barbaric mind soon learns the appliances of military science, and the hordes that issue from the desert and the forest can be wielded, at least as well as their more refined adversaries, in accordance with the regulations of discipline and the rules of the tactician. Both branches of the prophecy failed. It was the south that was the assailant, and at first the resistless conqueror; and the snows of the Dnieper and the Vistula were incarnadined with the blood of the Italian and the Frenchman: and it was the barbarism of the north that by the reflux tide of conquest was carried in triumph over the luxury and civilization of the south, and the people of France beheld with terror and amazement their own proud city of philosophy open her gates to the conqueror, and the Cossack and the Tartar encamped in the Elysian fields of Paris.

The changes, both in the mode of operating and the results attained, in "the science of human destruction," may be traced on a similar scale in the arts which minister to the amelioration and the adornment of civilized life. The consideration of some of these will form the subject of another paper.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

Not many hundred years ago there dwelt in the good city of Gotham, which, like Noah's ark, contains specimens of every variety of animals, most especially of the human kind, a worthy gentleman of good estate, who living in single blessedness, and being exempt from the disagreeable necessity of earning a livelihood, had nothing to do but think and take care of himself. He was the happiest man in the world in the eyes of all those who had shrewd helpmates, and were without money, for they did not know that the good gentleman was most intolerably henpecked at home by a shrew of a housekeeper, or that he had more trouble with himself alone, than they had with all the rest of the world besides. He had nothing to do but to kill time, who is a perfect polypus ; if you murder one minute, you will only have a dozen others on hand for your pains.

Not to give room for ill-natured people, who when they see a species delineated always give the picture an individual application, to surmise that we mean to be personal, we shall decline giving the name of this worthy citizen, but content ourselves with designating him as the Unfortunate Gentleman, for such he will prove in the sequel. On Sundays he did very well, for he could kill time by going three times to church, where he dozed away at a great rate ; but for all the rest of the week he was put upon his own resources. Being neither a newsmonger, a politician, nor a philanthropist ; and not feeling especially interested about the rising generation, or the liberties of Europe, he found himself desperately put to it to get rid of the burden of the passing day.

At length, however, he hit upon a capital expedient, which was no other than that of giving a zest to the present moment, or rather giving it the go by, as it were, by indulging in the anticipation of future evils. With him good was always to be followed by bad, and bad by worse. When this resource failed, or when he wanted a little variety, he would recur to the past and conjure up all the evils he could recollect to have happened since the deluge. By these means he so improved the faculties of memory and anticipation that they became the main pillars of his happiness.

If any one complained of cold in January, he would respond, "Yes, it is very cold, but nothing to what we shall have in February." If they observed upon a hot day in June, he would in

like manner console them for present inconvenience by worse anticipations, assuring them "it was nothing to what they might expect in July." If a neighbour represented to him the difficulty he found in curbing a froward child, he was almost certain to remind him of his prospects when the boy became a man; and if another sighed over the ill health of his wife, he never failed to ask him, what he would do when she was dead.

His pleasures of memory were equally rational, and consisted principally in the institution of comparisons. If any great calamity was anticipated by his neighbours, such as war, pestilence, or famine, he would console them by referring to all the plagues of Egypt, backed by the black plague of Italy, the spotted plague of Africa, and the sweating sickness of England, for he had ransacked both sacred and profane history for examples, and would conclude by comforting them with the assurance that, as these things had happened, they might very possibly happen again; "there was no knowing what to-morrow might produce."

It is the peculiar happiness and privilege of people that want nothing in this world, to be splenetic, vapourish, nervous, or hypochondriack, for by all these names the disease of low spirits has been known at different eras in the annals of high life, either above or below stairs. The Unfortunate Gentleman had not escaped this penalty of the rich Adam. Naturally courageous, he was not afraid to face any moderate present danger, but like a majority of mankind who refer so many things to the morrow, he transferred all his apprehensions to the future. He did not mind a cold, but was miserable in the anticipation of a consumption; and even hunger would have been quite tolerable, had it not been for the apprehension of starving to death. In short, not to tire the reader with too much particularity, he was a perfect hero in encountering substances, and an arrant coward in running away from shadows. He would rather march up to the mouth of a loaded cannon, than sit in a thorough draft, or face a north-east wind. One morning as this truly unfortunate gentleman was seated at breakfast, just after the housekeeper had compelled him to acknowledge, against the evidence of his senses, that his coffee was not over-burnt, nor his muffins sour, his attention was attracted by a mysterious looking man in a camblet cloak, rather the worse for wear, who slowly passed by the window, and in so doing cast his eyes upon him in a significant manner. The Unfortunate Gentleman was particularly nervous that morning, for he had dreamed an ugly dream, and his housekeeper had inflicted on him a horrible curtain lecture, in which she had demonstrated that he had not

one of his five senses in perfection. He wondered what brought this odd-looking man there at that particular moment, and why he looked at him in such a peculiar manner. While he was wondering, the man came by again, and looked at him still harder than before ; and now he recollected to have met him frequently in his walks, when he never failed to stare him in the face.

He began to feel a little uneasy, for since he could not exactly account for the stranger passing his window twice, in such quick succession, and looking at him so earnestly each time, he concluded it must be unaccountable. The man must have some design, and ten to one, since it was mysterious, it would not bear explanation. Ergo, for he was somewhat of a logician, the visits boded him no good. Just as he had come to this conclusion, the stranger appeared again, looked at the window, and finding himself observed, wrapped his cloak close about him, and crossing over the street to a tavern, appeared a few moments after looking out at the skylight !

“What in the name of wonder can the man be doing there,” thought the Unfortunate Gentleman. “Ten to one he is watching me”—and he felt a thrill of apprehension between his shoulders.

One of his prime resources for killing time, was going to market, where he not only purchased what he wanted, but a vast many articles he did not want. He seldom failed to rummage the whole market, and as the butchers and market-women knew him just as well as they knew how to take him in, he made wonderful bargains. Sometimes he would bring home two dozen of mittens ; sometimes a pack of pins ; sometimes a gross of sleevebuttons ; sometimes a grand assortment of hooks and eyes ; and indeed he scarcely ever returned without some odd trumpery that he persuaded himself he had bought cheap, when in truth this was only one of his contrivances to pass the time and produce a little excitement. The old housekeeper was in a rage, and did scoff at these bargains on all occasions. Nay, once when the Unfortunate Gentleman had made a great speculation by purchasing a whole side of mutton in the dogdays, she was wrought up to such a climax of indignation, that she gave it to the poor out of pure spite.

It being now the usual hour for going to market, the Unfortunate Gentleman summoned his righthand man, Cesar, or old Cesar as he was called by the boys, to mount his basket and follow him, which he always did exactly three steps in the rear. Cesar was of the purest knotted ebony, for his face was as black and as shining as that valuable wood, which has furnished so many poets with a comparison at all times ready made, except where it was

outraged by the ravages of the small-pox. He was nevertheless a pretty old boy, and the only soul in the house that could hold a candle to the housekeeper. He had the reputation of being an Obi negro, and his master was never out of order, without fighting with the shadow of African conjuration.

Almost the first person the Unfortunate Gentleman encountered on entering the market, was the man in the camblet cloak, who started and stared at him, while the other stared in his turn. Both turned suddenly away, and departed in opposite directions. The Unfortunate Gentleman pondered on this unaccountable encounter in still greater perplexity than before, and by accident or inattention lost sight of old Cesar, who he discovered at length standing over a basket of cauliflowers, close by the man in the camblet cloak, and apparently talking to him with earnestness. "What *can* they be talking about," thought he while cautiously approaching the stranger, who, on seeing him, departed in great haste, and apparently in some consternation. The Unfortunate Gentleman hereupon called Cesar, and departed for home, without having made a single bargain, for which the housekeeper thanked her stars.

On arriving at the house, he called Cesar into his study, where he had a store of valuable books that were of no value to him, and locking the door, questioned the old man as to the subject of his conversation with the man in the camblet cloak.

"He ax me who massa is, and wedder he no bery rich," quoth Cesar.

"Any thing else?" inquired the other.

"Yes, massa, he say he be eben wid you sum day or nudder."

"And what said you?"

"Why," replied Cesar grinning, "I say he may be eben wid massa, but he no be so odd as massa is sumtime."

"You did, did you? then please to walk out of the room, you old sinner."

Cesar departed grumbling to himself, and the Unfortunate Gentleman continued pacing back and forth, pondering on the perpetual apparition of the man in the camblet cloak, and most especially his mysterious threat. "What could he mean by being even with me? It is very odd, I don't know that I have ever done him an ill turn in all my life, and yet such a threat must mean something;" and straightway he began to muster all the instances of private enemies, and mysterious vengeance with which the garret of his brain was stored, and to anticipate similar atrocities in future, until happening to look out of the window, he

was struck with dismay at seeing the mysterious man, whom in reference to the vast space he is about to occupy in the imagination of the Unfortunate Gentleman, and the dark cloud which hangs over him, we shall in future denominate the Great Unknown. He was standing in front of an oyster stall, with a tremendous jack-knife open in his hand, and though his back was towards the other, he ever and anon cast his eyes over his shoulder, and seemed to menace him with a look of revenge or defiance. Presently he shut his knife, and took his way down the street, frequently looking behind him as if fearful of being pursued.

"The villain!" exclaimed the Unfortunate Gentleman. "I'm sure he is troubled with a guilty conscience, or is meditating some new crime, or why should he always be looking behind him?"

Twice that day he met the Great Unknown under circumstances that gradually implanted in his mind a conviction of some evil intention towards him on the part of that person. The first time was on entering Sloat Lane, then rather a gloomy part of the town, and not of the best reputation. He had gone thither to dun one of his tenants who owed him six months rent, and was entering the house, which was kept as a tavern of rather inferior grade, when the Great Unknown darted out of the bar-room, with the great jackknife in his hand, brushed past him in the narrow entry so as almost to push him down, and bounded into the street, where he set up a laugh, shook his knife and disappeared. The Unfortunate Gentleman hurried home in another direction, without asking for his rent, as he had regularly done every day for six months past, only to pass the time and procure a little excitement. This was a special interposition in favour of the tenant, for his landlord never afterwards ventured to come near the house haunted by the Great Unknown.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Unfortunate Gentleman, on gaining his home after this fortunate escape, "heavens! for which of my sins am I haunted by a wretch, who, if not a murderer already, carries murder in his face."

Then attempting to put off his surtout which he always wore in warm weather for fear of catching cold, two of his fingers passed outright through a hole just under the arm on the left side, which on examination appeared to have been cut with some sharp weapon. A horrible association of ideas came over him at this discovery. The elbow of the Great Unknown had struck him somewhat forcibly in passing through the entry of the little tavern, and now he had no doubt that it was a thrust of his great jack-knife, which had thus miraculously missed his heart. That

heart almost died within him at this terrible confirmation of his latent suspicions, and the conviction came home to him that this man was pertinaciously seeking his life for some inscrutable reason.

He determined after solemn reflection to lay the whole matter before a magistrate, and was cautiously groping his way along the dim narrow passage leading to the subterranean domain of the police officers, when he thought he saw at the other extremity his old enemy advancing rapidly upon him in his camblet cloak. The Unfortunat  Gentleman was one of that species of men, who when confronted with actual danger, meet it manfully, though unable to face imaginary perils, or those in distant perspective. He accordingly awaited the approach of the assassin, determined to grapple with him and take the consequences. The Great Unknown came forward without the least trepidation, until within a few steps, when apparently discovering him for the first time, he stopped short, and feeling in his pocket drew forth the never to be forgotten jackknife, which he opened with a noise that sounded just like the snapping of a pistol. At this critical moment, while they were standing confronting each other in grim defiance, the high constable happened providentially to come forth from the police office, upon seeing whose awful apparition, the assassin suddenly retreated by the passage he came, and the Unfortunate Gentleman, forgetting the purport of his errand, made his way home as fast as became one of his acknowledged wealth and respectability.

Here, the present danger being past, he had full leisure to indulge his imagination in conjuring up those of the future in all their gloomy exaggerations. The knife of the assassin seemed always before him, and grew longer and longer every moment ; he thought of Damocles and the famous sword, which people have for so many ages believed hung by a single hair, and gradually passed in review all the horrors with which his memory was stored as a magazine with combustibles. Finally he made up his mind to go abroad no more, not even to market, until he had got his waistcoat lined with brass plates or sheet iron. He ordered old Cesar to admit no strangers into the house, and particularly cautioned him against all manner of men wearing camblet cloaks. The old fellow wondered what could cause this special antipathy to camblet cloaks, but being accustomed to obey his master, mounted guard inside the street door like a faithful watchman, seeing that he was not above two-thirds of the time as fast as a church.

The more, however, the Unfortunate Gentleman enjoyed the delights of his solitary seclusion, the more his imagination became inflated, and the more powerful waxed his horrible anticipations. At length he could bear it no longer, but resolved let what might happen, to go and consult one of his oldest, and most valued friends, as to the best mode of securing his safety, and getting rid of this inveterate enemy, who watched his steps wherever he went, and by bringing his apprehensions to one single point, deprived him of his accustomed solace, of expatiating in the boundless luxuries of human misery. It was now night, and darkness is the appropriate empire of the imagination. Solitude and silence became intolerable, and having first sent old Cesar to reconnoitre for a man in an old camblet cloak, and being assured no such person was in the way, he cautiously ventured forth to consult with his friend on the imminent perils which environed him on all sides. By way of precaution, he ordered Cesar to follow him with a lantern.

It was cloudy and dark, for as the moon was expected to rise by eleven o'clock, no lamps were burning, and the streets through which he passed were silent and deserted. They proceeded on without seeing a single soul, Cesar all the while wondering "what de debbil had got into massa," and grumbling to himself, until coming to the corner close by the old Swamp church, the attention of the Unfortunate Gentleman was rivetted by the sight of a figure approaching towards him on the same side of the way, stealing along as it were close to the houses, as if afraid of being seen. As they came within a few steps of each other, the lamp of honest Cesar was extinguished by a sudden puff of wind, and just then a servant woman opened a door hard by, and holding out a candle for some purpose or other, the rays of light falling in that direction, discovered to the Unfortunate Gentleman, the Great Unknown in his camblet cloak. The next moment the woman withdrew the light and shut the door, leaving them in darkness and gloom. That courage which never seemed to exist except in the hour of actual peril, now waked as usual from its accustomed slumbers, and prompted the Unfortunate Gentleman to seize the assassin at once, and thus anticipate his villainous designs. Accordingly hearing the ominous snap, which always betokened the opening of that awful jackknife, he sprung upon his antagonist, and a scuffle ensued, during which the valiant Cesar, comprehending his master was in peril of some kind, having no other weapon, let fly his lantern with so good an aim, that, as it were, he killed two birds with one stone, and caused both the combatants to shed oceans of oil.

The Unfortunate Gentleman had been fortunate enough at the first dash to seize the right hand of the Great Unknown, which grasped the enormous jackknife, which he held fast, until the benediction of old Cesar fell upon them both, when the assassin with a desperate effort wrenched away his hand, and plunging, not his knife, but himself into the obscurity of darkness, disappeared. This being sufficient danger for one night, the good man returned home in a quick step, not knowing but he might be wounded, as he felt something trickling down his clothes. On his arrival, however, an explanation ensued, and he became exceedingly wroth with Cesar.

"You old blockhead," said he, "you've put me in a fine pickle."

"Ecod massa," quoth the other, showing the ivory, "ecod massa, I tink I spoil him's camblet cloak."

The next morning a great contest arose between Cesar and his master, for the honour of the affair of the night before. The latter insisted it was his vigorous sortie on the assassin that put him to flight, while the former obstinately maintained it was the discharge of the lantern that secured the victory. The dispute was, however, terminated by the appearance of an officer, who with a polite apology for the liberty he took, arrested the Unfortunate Gentleman on a charge of having long sought the life of one Christopher Columbus, and most especially of having attempted to murder him the night before.

The Unfortunate Gentleman accordingly accompanied the officer before the magistrate, where the first person he saw was his old enemy the man in the camblet cloak, who appeared as the veritable accuser, Christopher Columbus. "The villain!" thought the Unfortunate Gentleman, "having failed in every other way, he wants to murder me according to law I suppose."

Christopher Columbus being duly sworn, deposed that for some time past he had noticed that the gentleman followed him wherever he went, and eyed him with a peculiar look that satisfied him he had some bad design. That this had induced the deponent to watch his motions in order to guard against any attempt on his life, which for many reasons he had cause to suspect was his object, and to purchase a great jackknife to defend himself in case of an attack. That the gentleman seemed to be always watching him. Once when he passed his window and happened to look in, he discovered him eying him, the deponent, with a most malicious aspect; at another time when he had gone up to the top of the opposite house, which was a tavern he sometimes frequented, to see a chimney on fire, and was looking out of the skylight, he detected

the criminal watching him in a manner highly suspicious ; a third time while he was opening oysters at a stand, the same thing happened ; a fourth time he had followed him into a house in Sloat Lane where his cousin lived, and no one could tell what might have happened, had he not fortunately had his jackknife in his hand cutting some biscuit and codfish, by the aid of which he was enabled to pass him in the narrow entry in safety ; a fifth time he had dogged him to the police office, whither he was coming to complain to the magistrate, and would doubtless have effected his barbarous purpose, had not the timely appearance of the high constable prevented him. The last and most direct attack was on the night previous, when assisted by an accomplice in a black mask, he had attacked the deponent first by seizing his arm, and attempting to wrest from him the jackknife, which he had drawn in self-defence, and secondly by his accomplice discharging a lamp at his head, which had spoiled a camblet cloak he had worn from time immemorial.

Here was circumstantial, not to say direct evidence, sufficient to commit any common man ; but the magistrate, respecting the standing and character of the Unfortunate Gentleman, and perceiving him to be overwhelmed with this serious charge, cross-questioned the deponent as to what he conceived the motives of the accused, for such persevering hostility.

"Why, may it please your honour," replied the Great Unknown, "you must know that if every man had his own, this whole city, nay, this whole continent, would belong to me by right of discovery."

"What did you say was your name, friend ?" inquired the magistrate.

"Christopher Columbus, the discoverer and consequently proprietor of America," replied the deponent, "and this being the case, may it please your worship, all the people of property in this city are my enemies, knowing they have no right to the possession ; the consequence is, I am in continual danger of being murdered, so I call myself Lemuel Cobblestitch, in order to escape their persecutions."

"Ho, ho ! is the wind in that quarter," thought his worship. He directed an officer to proceed straightway to the residence of the accuser, and bring with him any of his family he could find. The officer soon returned, accompanied by the elder brother of the Great Unknown, who soon cleared up the whole affair. It seems the poor man had, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold, he being a mason by trade, become partially deranged. The only

way he could account for the peculiar direction of his insanity, was from the circumstance of there being hung up in the room he occupied at the time, a picture of the landing of Columbus, which his brother had often been heard to address, when left to himself. He being perfectly harmless, was suffered to go where he pleased, and this was the first instance of his ever getting into trouble or troubling others.

During the preceding charge and explanations, the Unfortunate Gentleman had exhibited a variety of changes of countenance, which a very discreet and sagacious magistrate might have converted into decided indications of guilt. We leave our readers to imagine his feelings when he found the Great Unknown, alias Christopher Columbus, alias Lemuel Cobblestitch, had completely turned the tables upon him, in such an artful manner. It would not do to retort upon him by a similar charge of an attempt at assassination, and therefore he remained perfectly silent. The subsequent disclosures, however, together with his character as a harmless and responsible citizen, completely exonerated him from all suspicion. The magistrate discharged him with an apology for his detention, and suffered Christopher Columbus to go about his business, advising his brother, at the same time, if possible to set him right as to his claim to the new world.

The Unfortunate Gentleman returned home, in a great degree relieved from his horror of assassination. He never, however, disclosed his former apprehensions, and when sometimes old Cesar joked his master a little about the man in the camblet cloak, for that worthy had accompanied him like a faithful retainer to the police office, he would only shake his head and exclaim, "You old fool, you don't know that worse may happen before we are a year older." In due course of nature, and the decree of fate, he married his housekeeper, who wrought so wonderfully both on his recollections of the past, and his anticipations of the future, that he was at last brought to the confession, which he often uttered to old Cesar, "That nothing which could possibly happen in the future, could be worse than the present." Finally, in process of time, the Great Unknown and the Unfortunate Gentleman were gathered to their fathers, without ever having murdered each other, or any body else, that we ever heard.

J. K. P.

HYMN AT EVENING.

I.

Bright, the sun is sinking,
In the blue wave, drinking
Glory from his blaze ;
And, no longer sleeping,
Lo ! the night-star leaping,
Wins his latest rays.

II.

Down, his chariot driven,
Leaves the cope of heaven,
Ermin'd o'er with fleece ;
While a softer glory,
O'er yon promontory,
Swells aloft in peace.

III.

Source of every blessing,
All beyond expressing,
That a God may give—
Type of light and being,
Seen by all, and seeing,
In thy glance we live.

IV.

Though we dwell with sorrow,
Yet thy ray to-morrow,
Shall remove our chain ;
Thou wilt banish sadness,
Thou wilt bring us gladness,
When thou com'st again.

V.

And, this blessed even,
Take our prayer to heaven,
If to night we die—
That, through death's dark portal,
More than thee, immortal,
We may win the sky.

LINUS.

ZAVALA'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.*

SINCE the peace of 1783, the United States have been an object of interest to every liberal philosopher and practical statesman in every quarter of the world. The American axiom "that the people is the source of all power," and the illustrations of its inestimable value in the astonishing progress made by that people in less than fifty years, in wealth, power, and happiness, were well calculated to arrest the attention of all those who studied the action and principles of government, and their application to the general welfare of those for whom it was established—the people at large. The influence of such an example has been felt in every portion of Europe; and revolutionary France, and reformed England, have both in their turn, caught their fires from this western world, and their views from those master spirits who laid down the foundation of this republic, and erected the fabric of our civil polity, as a perpetual monument of freedom to all nations. The English, engaged in constant wars of a most deadly character, and perhaps influenced by those prejudices with which they naturally regarded the efforts of a community once a subject colony, took less interest in the development of our prosperity, than almost any other nation in Europe. The events, however, of the war of 1812, excited the dormant curiosity of that people; and since that period, their press has teemed with travels in the United States, and descriptions of our manners in every possible form and shape, from the vulgar and contemptible productions of the Ashes, the Fidlers, the Fauxes, and the Fearons, to the more ambitious and respectable works of Hamilton and Stewart. Many of these ephemeral efforts have never been reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and they have probably already on the other side been consigned to oblivion. Their fate affords a good commentary on the sensitiveness of Americans to the attacks of those, whose profound views and deep prognostications of trouble and disunion, scarcely outlasted a London publishing season. The English writers, with one or two exceptions, have all been inferior to those continental travellers, who have speculated on the affairs of this country, to Talleyrand and Saxe Weimar, Politica and the Prussian tourist.

* *Viage a los Estados-Unidos del norte de America*, Par D. Lorenzo de Zavala. Paris. Imprenta de Decourchant: 1834. PP. 368.

We do not wish to endorse the opinions of any of these persons, but the spirit in which they viewed this country, was in every way more liberal and enlightened, than those of their insular neighbours ; who, it is but justice to say, were by no means fair representatives of their countrymen at home.

We have now to introduce to our readers a new work on the United States, in many respects entirely peculiar, and new in many of its aspects. It is written by an American, and yet by an American who owns the Spanish as his mother tongue. Don Lorenzo Zavala, the author, is a Mexican—engaged in his own country in throwing off the Spanish yoke, and establishing a free government in its place, he has suffered much in the cause of freedom. At one time filling the highest posts in the republic ; then an exile from its shores ; and now exercising the functions of minister near the government of the king of the French. Amidst all these vicissitudes, he has preserved his attachment to republican principles, and ever been an enemy of whatever party in his own country seem indisposed to carry them into practical exercise. An admirer of the institutions of our commonwealth, he writes this book mainly for the benefit and instruction of his own fellow-citizens, and in our judgment, in an admirable spirit of truth and impartiality.

It is agreeable to call the attention of our readers to the unpremeditated and disinterested remarks of an able, experienced, and practical man. He thus modestly speaks in the preface of his book and its objects, and runs a very spirited parallel between the Mexicans and our people.

“ This book claims for itself no merit on the score of originality. I may say, indeed, that it has cost me little mental labour, for the greater part of the descriptions, facts, and even many reflections, I have derived either from other sources, or from my own hasty notes made upon the spot. In arranging them, I have added some considerations suggested by the circumstances or facts to which I referred. Notwithstanding, it may perhaps be of some use to the Mexicans, to whom I dedicate it. They will find in it a true picture of the people whom their legislators have desired to imitate. A people laborious, active, reflecting, circumspect, religious in spite of the multiplicity of sects, tolerant, avaricious, free, proud, and persevering. The Mexican is volatile, indolent, intolerant, generous, and almost prodigal, vain, warlike, superstitious, ignorant, and the enemy of all subjection. The North American labours, the Mexican amuses himself, the former spends as little as possible, the latter spends even what he has not, the former perseveres to the end in the most arduous undertakings, the latter abandons them in the very commencement ; one lives in his house, ornaments it, furnishes it, guards it against the inclemency of the weather ; the other passes his time in the street, avoids habitations, and in a cli-

mate where there is no change of seasons, troubles himself little about his place of repose. In the States of the North, all own property, and all are aiming to increase their fortune ; in Mexico, the few who have any take no care of it, and many dissipate it."—Preface, p. 3.

Mr. Zavala arrived at New-Orleans, from Vera Cruz, on the 9th January, 1830, in company with Don Iole Antonio Mejia, Secretary of the Mexican Legation at Washington. The aspect of the city did not please him, but he was struck with the activity of its trade, its thousand ships, and its immense advantages of position. He contrasts its present with its former prosperity, and justly puts down the former to the advantages of a government which gives free scope to industry and enterprise. New-Orleans, founded in 1707, remained stationary for a century—in about thirty-three years it had become one of the largest of our cities, and its population increased in a ratio beyond all example.

" At my arrival there were in the port more than a thousand ships large and small, and at least five thousand sailors. When I was in New-Orleans, in December, 1823, it contained at the utmost forty thousand inhabitants ; its population now is estimated at seventy thousand. Its commerce has greatly increased, and the custom-house duties at present amount to nearly two millions of dollars. The principal articles of export are cotton and sugar, and I have been assured that they amount annually to twenty-five millions of dollars. If the yellow fever, the intermittents, the mosquitos, and the insupportable heat of the summer were not serious obstacles to the increase of the population, under its present free and popular government, New-Orleans would certainly become one of the richest and most important cities in the world. But in spite of these drawbacks it increases rapidly, and must one day be one of the first cities of the western hemisphere."—P. 9.

Here follows a comprehensive sketch of the history of the colony of Louisiana, but it is too long for quotation. Like his predecessor, the duke of Saxe Weimar, Signor Zavala makes no compromise with the question of slavery ; he considers it morally wrong, a blot upon our political escutcheon, and to be removed at all hazards, and at any cost. He speaks of the general treatment of slaves in Louisiana, and considers their treatment severe—with what justice we are unable to determine. Slavery in any community is a great moral canker—no people are more convinced of it than the people of the south ; but the remedy involves a question worthy of the soundest heads, and the wisest philanthropists, and they who live under the evil are alone competent to its removal. We like the spirit of the following remarks on the difference between catholic and protestant devotion.

" Although catholics and protestants argue that all men are the sons of God, brothers, and equal inheritors of glory, only the former give

practical examples of this profession of faith. In a catholic temple, the negro and the white man, the slave and his master, the noble and the peasant, kneel together before the same altar, and there, there is a temporary forgetfulness of human distinctions, all come as sinners, and no other rank is acknowledged save that of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. In this sacred enclosure the rich receive no increase, the proud man is not flattered, nor the poor man humbled; the brand of degradation disappears from the brow of the slave, on seeing himself admitted with the free and rich, to raise his voice in prayer and praise to the Author of creation. It is not so in the protestant churches; there, people of colour are either entirely excluded, or else in the corner, separated by a railing from the other worshippers, they are made to feel even in that moment their degraded condition. The most miserable slave receives from the hands of the catholic priest all the consolations of religion. He is visited in his sickness, consoled in his afflictions; his dying life receives the consecrated wafer, and in the moment of his agony, the last voice he hears, pronounces the sublime apostrophe of the catholic to the dying: *Proficiscere anima christiana*. Depart in peace christian soul. Have not then the slaves and negroes of Louisiana every inducement to be catholics? The congregation of the protestant church consists of well-dressed ladies in their handsomely fitted up pews, while the whole pavement of the cathedral is filled by people of all colours."—P. 25.

The army of the United States receives a just meed of praise from Signor Zavala. To the testimony of the Duke of Saxe Weimar he adds his own, that you could with difficulty in Europe find an army better composed in regard to its officers than the American, and that no person without an accomplished education is ever received in it. This language is gratifying because it is true, and we therefore translate the following just remarks quoted by our author from the work of the Prince of Wertemberg, who travelled here in 1828, and who was doubtless a very competent judge.

"There is no country in the world where soldiers are more usefully employed. In Europe the soldier passes the day in exercises, in parades, in washing his clothes and cleaning his arms, or in idleness. The American soldier is constantly occupied in tillage. The rigorous discipline to which he is subjected, keeps him under as perfect command as by force of constant attention is preserved over the troops of other countries. *No soldier in the world is better fed, better clothed and paid than those of the United States.* The government of this country has ingrafted its military institutions upon the civil administration, and the result has been, not only the improvement of the army, but the whole military system is a perfect master-piece."—P. 31.

And yet with these facts before the world, and which constitute a subject of just and honourable national pride, there are men amongst us, called statesmen too, who would destroy the very germ of all this excellence, and abolish the admirable academy

at West Point!—who would pluck out the heart of the system, and yet expect the life-blood to circulate as vigorously as ever.

The passage up the Mississippi is described in a very graphic and agreeable style. The vast extent of the river, its mass of turbid waters, its numerous tributaries, and the glorious anticipation of the millions of freemen to whose prosperity it is destined to minister through countless ages, filled the mind of our traveller, and added increasing interest to every step of the voyage. Well it may have done so—for who can recollect the period when the deep ark, or lighter batteau, wended its perilous way down the solitary waters of the great river, and now see the three hundred palaces proudly floating on its waves, with their appliances of all that luxury or taste can demand—the rising towns and cities, and the teeming population of the great valley of the Mississippi—and, when he has taken the widest stretch of his imagination and filled up the picture at his will—can possibly reach the fulness and extent of that glorious destiny which awaits the plains and prairies of the west. It is a proud recollection that to our own Fulton, to a native American, we owe it all.

We were amused at a remark of Mr. Zavala; it contains a lesson how carefully we should venture into the etymology of a foreign language. In ascending the river the boat stopped frequently at the *wooding stations*, and, speaking of the low barracks on the banks supported on piles, and the miserable appearance of the woodcutters, our author says,

“The Americans call them squatters, doubtless because their habitations are so low that they cannot stand erect in them.”—P. 47.

The author thus speaks of his voyage on board the steam-boat; it gives an appreciation of our countrymen and this mode of travelling somewhat different from our fair friend Mrs. Trollope.

“On the 27th of June, we arrived at a shipping port, a small place about a mile from Louisville. There we found coaches waiting to take us to Louisville. During our voyage on the river we had a very agreeable society. Some of the ladies played on the piano, others on the guitar, and sang with sweetness, without requiring much pressing. We had tea or coffee early in the morning, breakfast at nine, lunch at eleven or twelve, dinner at four, and tea or supper in the evening; in the short interval between the meals, beer, cider, champaign, &c., were occasionally called for. In these voyages, on board the same boat, as Mr. Farel observes, one meets gentlemen merchants, labourers, members of congress, captains, generals, and judges, seated together around the same table in a truly republican simplicity. There is no coarseness to be perceived in the conduct of the most humble persons at the table, and indeed the mildness of their manners is remarkable, that is compared with persons of the same class in France and England. The

truth is that the artisan, finding himself in this country of some importance in the social scale, endeavours to show himself worthy of being in the same society and at the same table with persons of wealth, and of the first rank. It is true that the higher classes lose something of their refinement by this continual contact with a less civilized people, but these latter gain in proportion. All are well dressed, and in the United States there is seen no one in rags."—P. 60.

Signor Zavala visited Louisville, New Harmony, Cincinnati, and finally arrived at Pittsburg—the Birmingham of America. His observations are close and instructive, and finally, in allusion to a work on Spain, with a frontispiece representing a student with tattered garments, asking charity for the love of God, he says,

"If I wished to produce a splendid work with prints, I would immediately have engaged handsome plates representing steam-vessels; workmen levelling the earth and laying planks of wood or bars of iron to make roads; meadows watered by rivulets; cities divided by navigable rivers; a population rising from the soil, and dedicating themselves at once to the improvement of it; halls filled with children of both sexes learning to read and write; labourers and artisans with the plough or the tool in one hand, and a periodical in the other; six thousand temples of different worship, where man may pay his vows to his Creator according to the dictates of his own heart; in short, peace and plenty making the happiness of fifteen millions of people. Such is the idea which I have of the United States of the north, and the impressions which I received from New-Orleans to Cincinnati."—P. 89.

Pursuing the road to Erie, and thence to Buffalo, Signor Zavala visited the Falls and descended the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and returned to the United States by Lake Champlain. It is impossible for us in this brief notice, to advert to many striking remarks and animated descriptions that are scattered here and there. We translate one only.

"The banks of the St. Lawrence are diversified and present a variety of picturesque views. Those of the Mississippi are uniform and monotonous; the course of the former is rapid and impetuous; the latter flows majestically, and scarce appears to bear the immense body of water which it afterwards discharges into the ocean; the waves of one are pure and limpid, of the other turbid and muddy; one rises in Lake Ontario as mighty as when it empties into the gulf of its own name, the other is increased on its course by tributaries rivalling itself; one flows not more than five hundred miles, the other three thousand; the volume of the St. Lawrence is neither augmented nor diminished, the Mississippi swells, rises, and threatens with its inundations the villages, towns, and cities which are nourished by its commerce. The St. Lawrence traverses many lakes, the Mississippi flows through forests; the first is grand and beautiful, the second sombre and sublime; the St. Lawrence excites the imagination to agreeable emotions, the Mississippi oppresses it with its immensity."—P. 105.

The bay of New-York receives its usual and deserved praise,
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as being one of the most beautiful and commodious ports in the world. We translate his description of the town itself.

'The city is built in an irregular form, and generally the streets are crooked, yet there are some which can compete with the finest in London and Paris. Such are Broadway, which divides the city and runs from north to south a distance of nearly four miles; it is more than eighty feet wide, with sidewalks of cut stone of at least six feet, embellished with handsome edifices, shops, warehouses, and all that there is most brilliant in New-York: Chatham, likewise containing good buildings, Canal, Bowery, Bleecker, Bond, Greenwich, and many others. In Broadway all the well-dressed people walk—the ladies, the dandies, the foreigners—it serves the purpose at the same time of park, promenade, and street. More compactly built than Regent's street, London; more ornamented, and handsomer than the Boulevards in Paris; more regular and wider than the street of Alcala in Madrid. In New-York there are no public walks, with the exception of the Battery, which is quite small. There are no public fountains, and the water which they drink is bad enough. The advantageous situation of New-York, and more than all the system of liberty, without the annoying restriction of passports, under the protection of just and wise laws, with perfect freedom of worship, has brought this city to a high degree of prosperity and greatness in forty years, and rendered it the metropolis of the new world. In 1778, New-York contained only twenty thousand inhabitants; in 1795, they had increased to thirty-three thousand; in 1800, it had sixty thousand; in 1820, one hundred and twenty-three thousand; in 1825, one hundred and sixty-six thousand; and now, as I have said before, its population is two hundred and twenty thousand. What city in the world has had so rapid an increase?"—P. 124.

Our author frequently remarks upon the religious character of our population, and insists that the circumstance of the State having any direction of religious matters, is fatal to liberty. He cites with satisfaction the support of so many clergymen by voluntary contribution as the true model of religious liberty, and quotes the answer of the late Bishop Hobart to the request of the corporation of New-York, that he would announce in his church, in an appropriate manner, the lamented death of Governor Clinton, as containing a clear exposition of just views on this important question. We entirely agree with Signor Zavala, and have always thought that letter a striking proof of the high-minded and patriotic principles of that eminent man.

The ladies receive the following tribute from the traveller.

"The Mexican who travels for the first time in the United States, will be much surprised at the beauty of the women. All travellers speak of it, and with much reason may a Mexican do so. Among us, indeed, the fair sex possess grace, are well proportioned, and are endowed with wit and great amiability. But we do not see the union of beauties which one meets at every moment in the States of the north. Even in the Mexican Republic it has been observed, that the women of the north

are handsomer than those of the south; those of Lonora and New-Mexico are celebrated for their beauty throughout the country. The North Americans have fine complexions, large brilliant eyes, and well-formed hands and feet; but yet they have not the graceful walk and elastic step of our Mexicans, of whom it may be said, *incessu patent dea.*"—P. 144.

Though we admit there is much justice in the following observations, yet we apprehend there are many circles here, and in all our large towns, where Signor Zavala would have heard literary topics discussed, and books as valuable as his own criticised and praised, and the words cotton and sugar never lisped.

"In no part of the world are mercantile affairs and the way of making money made so much the subject of conversation. Among few persons are abstract questions discussed, or matters in which there is no material interest. An American will ask a Mexican, if there are steam-boats, manufactories, mines, and if money is easily made in this or that State. A Mexican will ask what kind of government, what religion, what are the customs, and if there are theatres in this or that place. The North Americans are essentially covetous and laborious. In England, at the table, the conversation turns on the quality of the wines, on the seasoning of the dishes, on the elegance of the table, and on other subjects analogous to the dinner. In the United States, the conversation is almost always on the price of cotton, wool, &c."—P. 154.

The book is rendered valuable to the Spanish reader by a short sketch of each State government, and many other important matters, to which it is not in our power to refer; equally impossible is it for us to accompany Signor Zavala in his journey to Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. We would gladly have made some observations upon questions which he has discussed or merely alluded to. We have only to say in conclusion, that the book is written with a lively sense of what is due to justice and impartiality—will be of much benefit to his countrymen, and will be read by our own people with pleasure, as containing the opinions and sentiments of a liberal, enlightened, and patriotic foreigner.

AT PARTING.

I have no joy when thou art far,
 And if thou need'st must fly,
 My soul shall bear perpetual war,
 Till thou again art nigh.
 Then let the seas be quiet seas,
 And let the stars appear,
 And every cloud as calm as these,
 Be beautiful and clear.

AN INCIDENT AT ALGIERS,

DURING THE VISIT OF DECATUR'S SQUADRON IN 1815.

THE bay of Algiers is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The harbor is in a semicircular form ; at the further recess of which the city rises gently from the sea ; and her white walls, flat roofs and terraces, from the narrowness of the streets, seem, from the seaside, joined together until they reach the surrounding hills—which are crowned with vineyards, and form altogether a striking and picturesque amphitheatre. On the western point of this harbor, a neck of land projects into the sea, and on its extremity is built one of the strongest castles for the protection of the place. It was from the guns of this castle, that in a few months after the period of which I am speaking, the ship commanded by Admiral Milne, in the gallant attack of Lord Exmouth, suffered so severely. Close in with this fort our boats were obliged to pass on their way from our ships to the landing.

Delightful as was the appearance of all this to the eye, yet from our early recollection of blood and crime connected with the history of the place, we beheld it but as a “whitened sepulchre,” and the intimation that we were soon to sail for the ulterior objects of our expedition was received, I believe, with general satisfaction.

A constant intercourse had been established between the squadron and the shore from the moment when our difficulties with the Dey had been adjusted, and the treaty had been signed “word for word as it had been sent on shore.” Crowds of officers were daily visiting the town, and among them the midshipmen of the different ships were always to be seen, dispersed over the place, seeking with a perfect unconcern, even in sacred and forbidden ground, for objects to gratify their curiosity ; receiving the courtesy of those Algerines with whom, when they were our prisoners, they had become acquainted, with as sincere a goodwill as if they had never been enemies, or returning the haughty scowl of some stranger Turk with a smile of reckless indifference.

It was my good fortune, in addition to my ordinary visits on leave to the shore, to attend the commodore as one of his aids, in those which he made to the chief officers of the government ; and I often had my feelings strongly excited by the humble looks and broken-hearted demeanour of the Christian slaves, by whom the lemonade and coffee were prepared and handed to

us. Although habited in the loose petticoat-drawers, and slippers of the Turk, they were easily distinguished by their long plaited hair, the absence of moustache and beard, and above all by their dejected mien, from their lazy and overbearing masters. I had taken a deep interest in them, and had become familiar with many of their faces. Among them there was a young Italian of about five-and-twenty, the melancholy expression of whose handsome features had, upon my first seeing him, attracted my attention. There was something in his eye that spoke of prouder, happier days; and the quiet and almost indignant manner with which he calmly received his master's bidding, indicated that his spirit was not yet quelled within him, and was strongly contrasted with the readiness with which that bidding was obeyed when it administered to our pleasures. It was evident that from some cause his feelings towards us were those of confidence and friendship. It might be that he looked upon us as connected with him by our common faith, or perhaps he felt grateful to us as the victors, who had humbled those who had enslaved him; and perhaps—and more truly as I afterwards thought—the hope of freedom was dawning on his spirit, and he regarded us as friends upon whom he might soon call for aid and protection. But whatever were his feelings, ours had been so strongly interested in his favour, that several of us juniors were at some pains to learn his story; and through the kindness of Mr. P. of Virginia—who had been detained since the capture of his vessel, a parolled prisoner at Algiers, until released by our squadron—we were enabled to gratify our curiosity. The tale of poor Angelo Salvini has often been told with darker additions, but I thought it gloomy enough, when I first heard it.

It was a beautiful night in the spring-time season, and the breeze, that floated along the coast of Calabria, though rife with a thousand sweets, was not more blithe in its gambols over tree and rock, and moon-tipped wave, than two young hearts which there swelled with rapture, as a bridal party danced upon the strand. An hour afterwards the scene was fearfully changed. There were marks of disorder in the adjacent thicket, as if a large body of men had rushed from them towards the shore, and there were traces upon the beach that could hardly be left by the light foot of a dancer—

“Steps stamped and dashed into the sand,
The print of many a struggling hand”—

and a silken scarf, or torn mantle, fluttered on the water's edge or drifted before the rising wind, which now moaned around the

headlands, as if unwilling to fill the lessening sail of the Corsair that was springing, with her prey, before it.

Poor Angelo! he knew not—and well he did not—what became of his bride. But like all exiles, who fondly think, that, can they but see their native land again, they may recover all that made it dear, his whole soul seemed bent upon seeing his Italian home once more, when somehow by the blessing of “our Lady,” all would come right. He was never seen to smile, and there was that earnestness of expression in his face—that blending of manly resolution and winning gentleness, which had so struck and touched us at once—which, in a word, had interested all of us most deeply in his fate.

The incidents of that cruise were generally so novel and interesting, that the story of Angelo Salvini may have been forgotten by other officers, among themes of a gayer and more engaging character. But there are reasons why it can never be erased from my memory.

The arrival and vicinity of our squadron had caused an additional rigor in the treatment of the prisoners, and as a precaution against their escaping to any of our ships, they were compelled to carry about with them a ball and chain, which in our country are only worn by the most desperate felons. Decatur, with that generosity which so distinguished him, did not hesitate at his first interview with the Dey, strongly to remonstrate against this degrading sight, which he and his officers were compelled to witness. The Dey replied, that this severity was indispensable, while the Christian ships were in the offing; but that if Commodore Decatur would pledge his word as an American, and his honour as an officer, that he would not countenance the escape of any of the captives, their rigorous treatment should be relaxed, and every indulgence short of liberty should be accorded them during the stay of the American vessels. The pledge was given for the captives' sake, and strict orders were issued throughout the squadron, that no prisoner was to be allowed to enter a boat, or under any circumstances to be brought off to the ships.

It was about noon, one day, when after landing a superior officer, on the mole, from the second cutter, we had shoved off, and letting fall our oars, were soon under rapid way. We had proceeded the whole length of the basin, and were just doubling the castle which I have already described, giving it only berth enough to avoid the low rocks, that are piled for some short distance around its base, and behind which a person might easily

be concealed. We were so near, as we passed, that the musketoon of the Turkish sentinel was perfectly perceptible, as he paced up and down between the groups of cannoniers, who were eyeing us through the embrasures of two large pieces of ordnance, that nearly ranged with the point towards which I was pulling from the shore. My attention was directed to them, and the water was a little rough, which perhaps prevented me from seeing any object floating near the boat ; and I was not a little surprised, when I saw the head of a man suddenly dart above the gunwale, holding with his teeth a knife, while his hands grasped eagerly at the blades of the oars, as the headway of the boat appeared to be carrying it past him, before he could make good his hold. His hands were on the quarter before my order had saved him from more than one blow with the looms of the oars. I seized the struggling swimmer by the shoulder, and with the aid of my stout coxswain, he was quickly placed beside me in the stern-sheets : but what was my horror upon discovering, while the man yet clung to the gunwale, that it was a Christian captive—that it was Angelo Salvini. The instant commotion among the people collected on the mole, told me that it was impossible to screen him for a moment. To carry him off to the ship, in the teeth of the orders I had received, would have been madness. Yet, how could I deliver him up to the hellhounds that were even now opening upon their prey ! There was a discordant cry from the infuriated crowd upon the mole, which, although unintelligible to me, yet its dreadful import to poor Angelo could not be mistaken ; and in a moment the cannoniers hurried along the walls of the fortress, while a dozen caiques shot from beneath its battlements. The eyes of my gallant crew, that but now melted with pity, flashed defiance, as they beheld this movement around the bristling cannon. But when they saw boats hurrying in pursuit, they curled their lips in scorn, and griping their oars, with a nerve that made them quiver in their row-locks, they glanced at me so imploringly for the captive, and so triumphantly for themselves, that pity and pride almost obtained the mastery over duty, in my bosom. A single word from my lips, and the destruction threatened by the Infidels, would not have prevented my noble fellows from sweeping beyond the reach of the Corsair boatmen.—A single word, and, if we escaped the fire of the Moorish battery, which, from past experience no one dreaded, the hapless Angelo would have been at least in temporary safety beneath the Stars and Stripes. But I knew my commander too well to tamper with an order, that had been so imperious as that in

relation to the captives. His honour as an officer, and his duty as a disciplinarian, would alike have insured the surrender of Angelo, and the punishment of myself; an aggravation of misery to the one, and the disgrace attending so gross a breach of orders to the other, would have been the certain consequences of my pursuing a different course of conduct from what I did. Yet, I shall ever remember it as one of the most painful moments of my life, when, as the barge of a Turkish officer hauled alongside of me, I determined to surrender the fugitive. I turned for a moment to look, before the act was done, at Angelo,—there was a resolved fixedness in the expression of his face, as he eyed the exulting look of those who claimed him, that revealed the determined purpose he had formed. Freedom had been almost within his grasp, and yet not a murmur, not an imploring word escaped his lips—they moved, but I thought it was in prayer to that cross, the bright symbol of his faith, and before which he felt the crescent had often paled.

But when I gave him up, and they were dragging him somewhat roughly into their boat, he turned and gave me one parting look, while his eye rapidly moved from my button to my face, as if he almost expected to see my countenance bear witness to what he deemed the tarnished badge of our service. That look, I never can forget. It was a mingled look of contemptuous scorn, and disappointed confidence. And yet, I could not, and I did not blame him. He knew not that *I*, as well as himself, was the victim of my orders. He knew not that the pledge, given by as chivalric a sailor as ever stepped a ship's deck, was given for the captives' comfort, and must be fulfilled for our honour: but that look, and the appealing murmurs of my men, almost shook my purpose; and, boy as I was, I so far forgot myself as almost involuntarily to seize my dirk, and to threaten, in my own language, as I leaned over the quarter, my impotent vengeance against the officer, in case he harmed the Italian. "The malignant and turban'd Turk" only answered with a scowl, as he turned round after gaining a boat's length from me.

The rapidity, with which the succession of incidents had occurred, prevented me from observing what had become of the knife, which, when I first saw the poor captive in the water, had attracted my attention, and I presumed that, in lifting him on board, it had dropped into the sea.

My feelings had been wrought up to such a thrilling pitch of excitement, that ordering my men to drop the boat astern, in order to gain a more distinct view of the landing, we laid upon our oars

watching his reception on the shore. A yell of delight told that they had touched the strand with their prisoner. There was an excited movement in the crowd—a rush and a struggle along the mole.—My boat's crew sprung to their feet involuntarily,—and the tall bowman swore that he saw the knife of the Italian red with the blood, of at least one Moslem, before a dozen ataghans had cut him to pieces.

Poor Salvini ! To avoid the horrible fate that he knew awaited him in being bastinadoed to death, he had stabbed the Turkish officer, and fallen an immediate victim to the vengeance of his men.

O.

SWEET ALLEMAYNE.

I.

Oh ! Sorrows may gather round thee,
And gloom overspread thy lot,
But the spirit, that once hath found thee,
Will then desert thee not.
Though the friends of thy childhood leave thee,
And thy heart's sweetest dreams prove vain—
That spirit will never deceive thee,
Sweet Allemayne !

II.

Then give over weeping, dearest,
Or, if the sweet dew must fall,
Let thy smile of love, the fairest,
Enrich and illumine all.
Like the bright bow spanning the shower,
Let it hallow the summer rain,—
True pledge of a better hour,
Sweet Allemayne !

Δ

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

Bright as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path ;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath ;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
The lily that of spring-time past doth speak.
Never from life's garden to be rudely riven,
But softly stolen away from earth to Heaven.

F.

VOLCANOES AND VOLCANIC ACTION.

THE quadrature of the circle is not the only *opprobrium prudentium*. In the physical sciences, there are very many problems, to the solution of which "the march of mind" has not yet reached, and which defy the wisdom of man, as proudly as they did a century ago. The investigations of philosophers have indeed added vastly to the accumulation of facts—the record of results; but among them are phenomena which astonish and appal the savage, as they did his forefathers, and of which the learned are still but ignorant witnesses. The mysteries of magnetic attraction, of astronomy, of meteorology, of chemistry, and of numberless other branches of science, are still unread, and many of them, from their very nature, must ever remain so.

In the war, waged between the *Plutoniums* and *Neptunians*, we had enlisted warmly under the banners of the latter, until we saw steam-boats defying all the forces of winds and waves, when we became, for a time, "non-committal," and, at last, like some modern politicians, espoused both sides. Such is our creed in relation to the subject of this article, and we are quite sure that all readers will agree with us. A more detailed investigation of the causes of volcanoes, and volcanic action, we shall reserve for a future number, and, at this time, proceed only with a general survey of the world's surface, as connected with these agents. To such of our readers as may be disposed to pursue the subject more closely, we would recommend the works of Spallanzani, Humboldt, Daubeny, Scrope, Bakewell, Davy, &c. &c.,—from which we have drawn largely for a portion of our materials,—as containing ample and learned statements and discussions.

The subject of volcanic action is one which has, from the remotest ages, excited attention and wonder. On the eastern continent, the craters were regarded by the ancients as the avenues to the infernal regions. *Ætna* was the workshop of *Vulcan*, where he forged his thunderbolts; and earthquakes were caused by the struggling of the *Titans*, who had been confined beneath the mountains by the angry gods. Similar superstitions were entertained by the Indians, with regard to the volcanoes and earthquakes of this continent, and in the islands of the Pacific. The immense crater of *Kiraua*, in the *Sandwich Islands*, is, according to Mr. Ellis,* believed by the natives to be the abode of *Pele* and other volcanic deities—the fiery cones their houses, the roaring furnaces, and crackling flames, the music of their dance, and the red, flaming surge, the surf wherein they play, sportively swimming on the rolling wave.

* Polynesian Researches.

Earthquakes doubtless result from the same cause with volcanoes. In one case, the imprisoned fires, with their mighty companions, steam and gases, in struggling to escape, rend and shake the earth, making the mountains to tremble, and, at times, prostrating cities and burying the inhabitants beneath their ruins. At other times they find vents through the volcanoes—"the world's safety valves"—and rocks, stones, ashes, and rivers of burning lava, tower over the summits of the craters, and bury the surrounding country.

Although nothing certain can be known, yet it is obvious, from many facts, that these subterranean fires must occupy a large portion of the interior of the globe, and are seated, as some suppose, midway beneath its centre and its surface. At the period of the earthquake which desolated Lisbon, in 1775, the springs and lakes in Great Britain and Europe, generally, were violently agitated, and many of them emitted mud, and sand, and foetid gases. The waters of Lakes Erie and Ontario were sensibly affected, as were the waters of the northern portion of Africa, the West Indies, and the United States. The bed of the Atlantic Ocean was, at remote points, heaved up above the surface of its waters, and flames and gases discharged. These facts are ascertained by the concurrent testimony of mariners, who were at the time upon the sea. This shock, which was one of the most severe that has occurred in modern times, is sufficient, if there were no other evidence, to demonstrate the position, that the volcanic fires occupy a great portion of the interior of our planet.

Ætna, Vesuvius, Hecla, Teneriffe, Stromboli, and other volcanoes, would have disappeared ages ago, if the seats of their respective fires had lain only within themselves—they are but the flues and vents through which those fires escape. It was estimated, in 1660, that the materials, which had been poured from Ætna, would, if collected, exceed by twenty times the magnitude of the mountain itself. A current of lava was poured down its sides, in 1669, which covered eighty-four square miles. In the eruption of 1775, a river of burning lava ran down its sides, twelve miles in length, one mile and a half in breadth, and two hundred feet high. In 1783, a volcano in Iceland vomited forth a torrent of lava, which extended sixty miles in length, and twelve miles in breadth. These facts establish, beyond controversy, the position, that the great furnace of melted rocks lies far beneath the bases of the mountains, and the bed of the ocean. This belief was entertained by the early philosophers, and even Seneca, from similar reasons, stated it as certain.

In 1783, a submarine volcano, near Iceland, suddenly ceased, and a new one immediately burst forth, in the interior of the island, at a distance of two hundred miles. On the same night that Lima and Callao were destroyed by an earthquake, four new volcanoes broke out in the Andes. These facts seem to establish the further position, that the

fires not only lie at an immense depth, but that they are continuous, and that the struggling giants, fire and steam and gases, are often resistless until they find escape through the volcanoes.

The general indications of an approaching earthquake, as recorded by the authors to whom we have alluded, are the sudden and violent agitation of lakes, and of the ocean—their beds being nearer to the subterranean fires than the surface of the adjacent countries, and of course sooner affected; the air is calm and stagnant; birds and cattle manifest alarm, and appear to know that some calamity is approaching. “A deep, rumbling noise,—says Bakewell,*—like that of carriages over a rough pavement; a rushing sound like wind, or a tremendous explosion, like the discharge of artillery, immediately precede the shock, which suddenly heaves the ground upwards, and tosses it from side to side with violent and sudden vibrations.” In many of the more desolating earthquakes which have occurred, chasms have opened, and flames and sulphureous vapours broken forth. In several instances, cities have not only been shaken to the ground, but have been wholly engulfed in the chasms which have opened. The learned father Kircher, whose writings are a treasury of most valuable information, was approaching the coast of Calabria, in 1638, when the sea was so violently tossed and agitated, that he was compelled to land, and had scarcely done so, when the city of *Euphemia* was swallowed up and disappeared. “My attention,” says he, “was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger, by a deep, rumbling sound, which every moment grew louder. The place where we stood shook most dreadfully. After some time, the violent paroxysm ceasing, I stood up, and turning my eyes to look for the city of *Euphemia*, saw only a frightful black cloud. We waited until it had passed away, when nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where the city once stood.”

At particular periods, earthquakes have been more frequent and more violent than at others. From the year 400 to the year 600, they were terrific and desolating. It is stated by Dr. Bakewell, that during that period, “France, Asia Minor, and Syria, suffered most severely. The earth was agitated continually for long periods, and flames were seen to burst from the earth over a vast extent of surface. On the 26th Jan. A. D. 477, subterranean thunders were heard from the Black to the Red Sea, and the earth was convulsed, without intermission, for the space of six months. In many places, the air seemed to be on fire. Towns and large tracts of ground were swallowed up in Phrygia. In May, 520, the city of Antioch was overturned by a dreadful earthquake, and two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants are said to have been crushed in the ruins. A raging fire covered the ground on which the city was built, and the district around, spreading over an extent of fifty-two miles in diameter, and a surface of fourteen hundred square miles.”

* Bakewell's Geology.

Although these facts seem almost incredible, yet they are fully established by the testimony of cotemporary historians.

The immense, the terrific power, with which these mighty agents operate, is not more manifest in the destroying earthquakes to which we have alluded, than in the eruptions of volcanoes. The force of gravitation presents no adequate resistance. Huge rocks, and melted and flowing lava, are tossed up from the fathomless craters, and thrown for many miles beyond them. M. Houel* states that a detached and solid mass of lava "lies at the top of *Ætna*, of more than a cubic fathom in bulk, and whose weight, therefore, cannot be less than sixteen tons. What an amazing force then, (he remarks,) must it have required, not only to raise this enormous mass from the volcanic focus, but to make it describe a parabola of about a league in diameter, after it had come out of the crater. The mountain itself is ten thousand feet high, and even supposing that the rock was thrown from no greater depth than the base of the mountain, it must have been tossed to the height of twelve thousand feet." *Vesuvius* has been seen to launch rocks four thousand feet above its apex. *Cotopaxi* has thrown similar masses six thousand feet above its summit, and projected one rock, of a thousand cubic feet, to a distance of eighteen miles.

The eruptions of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* are generally preceded by earthquakes, with loud crackling and detonations like cannon and musketry—the atmosphere dead and oppressive; springs disappear and the wells become dry. The eruption, it is said, is sudden and very violent at its commencement; the explosions are succeeded by showers of ashes and dust; the rocks are either tossed over the sides of the mountain, or rising vertically, fall back into the burning crater, and are again and again thrown up high into the air. Clouds of dust and of dense black smoke, produce a darkness like that of midnight, which is rendered more appalling by the vivid lightning darting through it. This continues for some time, and is succeeded by the boiling up of the melted rock, until it rolls over the summit, and flows on its frightful course down the sides of the mountain, or bursting a new aperture through its sides, continues its journey to the lower grounds.

Another striking fact connected with these eruptions, and also with the occurrence of earthquakes, is the sudden retreat and as sudden return of the sea upon the adjacent coasts. During the earthquake at Lisbon, to which we have alluded, the tide rose in an instant forty feet higher than was ever known, and as suddenly receded. The same effect was observed at other and distant places, at the same time; at Oporto and at Cadiz, where the waters of the sea rolled in toward the city and over the parapet, a height of sixty feet above the ordinary level of the water; the waves came in this manner four or five times, but with less force each time, at Tangier, in Africa, and at Madeira and the Azores.

* Voyage Pittoresque.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the sea was swelled at the same moment over a space of twenty degrees of latitude—from Morocco, in Africa, to the north of Scotland. In some large lakes the gases were seen to escape in such a manner, that the surface was blistered with bubbles in the same manner as during a violent shower of rain. When these effects, and at such remote distances, are considered, we can scarcely wonder at the resistless violence with which the burning materials are vomited forth, when the action of the volcano once commences.

Vesuvius and *Ætna* have been the most fully examined, and their eruptions and peculiarities carefully recorded: as they have been, from an early age, accessible to and observed by philosophers and historians. The earliest eruption of Vesuvius, to which a date can be affixed, was in the year 63 after Christ. Previous to that time, it had for centuries lain dormant; its very crater was covered with vegetation, and overgrown with lofty trees; its sides with vineyards, villas, and farms. History was silent as to its remote action, though its former character was suspected by the philosophers of that day, from the appearance of the rocks in its vicinity. In that year—63—it awoke from its long sleep, and although no eruption then took place, the neighbouring cities were shocked and racked by violent earthquakes. It is stated that the city of Pompeii, which was sixteen years afterwards entirely buried, suffered most severely; and the excavations, which have been made within a few years past, show that at the very time when it was finally destroyed, the inhabitants were busily engaged in rebuilding the houses which had been destroyed by the earthquake of 63.

A more vivid picture cannot be drawn, of the horrors of this eruption of Vesuvius, than that sketched in the letters of the younger Pliny, with which most of our readers are probably familiar. He describes it as having taken place on the 24th of August, in the year 79—1756 years ago. The surrounding country had been shaken by earthquakes for several days previous, and on the night preceding the eruption, the agitation of the earth was terrific, and every thing seemed threatened with destruction. Professor Daubeny, in his work on active and extinct volcanoes, gives the following summary of its progress and effects: “About one in the afternoon, a dense cloud was seen in the direction of Vesuvius, which, after rising from the mountain to a certain distance, in one narrow vertical trunk, spread itself out laterally in a conical form, in such a manner, that its upper part might be compared to the branches, and the lower to the trunk of a pine tree. It was described at Misenum, where the elder Pliny, as commander of the Roman fleet, was stationed, with his family; among whom was his nephew, the younger Pliny. The latter, who seems already to have imbibed somewhat of the spirit of the stoical philosophy, which inculcated rather an indifference to the course of natural events, than an inquiry into their

nature, pursued his usual train of studies as before ; but the former, with the zeal and enterprise of a modern naturalist, prepared, in defiance of danger, to obtain a nearer view of the phenomena. Accordingly, he repaired to Resina, a village immediately at the foot of Vesuvius, but was soon driven back by the increasing shower of ashes, and compelled to put in at Stabiæ, where he proposed to pass the night. Even here the accumulation of volcanic matter around the house he occupied, rendered it necessary for him to remain in the open air, where it would appear that he was suddenly overpowered by some noxious effluvia, for it is said, that whilst sitting on the seashore, under the protection of an awning, flames, preceded by a sulphureous smell, scattered his attendants, and forced him to rise, supported by two slaves, but that he quickly fell down, choked,—as his nephew conjectured,—by the vapour, which proved the more speedily fatal from his previous weak state of health. The absence of any external injury proves, that his death was caused by some subtle effluvia, rather than by the stones that were falling at the time.

“The other circumstances of this remarkable catastrophe are sketched by the younger Pliny with a rapid but masterly hand. The dense cloud, which hovered round the mountain, pierced occasionally by flashes of fire more considerable than those of lightning, and overspreading the whole neighbourhood of Naples with darkness more profound than that of the deepest night ; the volumes of ashes which encumbered the earth, even at a distance of ten miles, as far as Misenum ; the constant heaving and groaning of the ground, and the recession of the sea, form together a picture, which might prepare us for some tremendous catastrophe in the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano.”

The cities of Stabiæ, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, were destroyed in the course of this eruption. “The two former were overwhelmed, not by a stream of melted matter, but by a shower of cinders and loose fragments, for the various utensils and works of art that have been dug from thence, no-where exhibit any signs of fire, and even the delicate texture of the papyri appears to have been affected only in proportion as it has subsequently been exposed to air and moisture.”

And here again we have an evidence of the immense depth at which these volcanic fires must be seated ; for “the covering of these entire cities, at so great a distance, from sixty to one hundred and twelve feet in depth, would seem an effort too gigantic for the powers of this single mountain.”

It is supposed that Herculaneum, which was buried with lava, must have been built more than fifteen centuries before its destruction, and it is now discovered that its streets were paved and its houses built with lava of earlier eruptions. Pompeii was of as great antiquity. The site of Herculaneum was discovered in 1689, by a farmer, who, in digging the earth, found some Latin inscriptions and iron tools ; and in

1720, in digging a well, they struck upon the columns of a temple, which led to further excavations, and the development of the plan and edifices of the city. Pompeii was discovered in 1750, and has been extensively explored. Every thing indicates the exact condition of the city at the time of its burial; the houses and their furniture are perfect; the very names of the occupants appear over their doors; and the paintings and ornaments of their dwellings are uninjured. In the house of Diomede, on the ground floor, was found a skeleton, supposed to be that of Diomede himself, with the keys in one hand, and in the other some money, necklaces, and other gold ornaments—behind him a servant, carrying some silver and bronze vases—vainly endeavouring to escape with the treasure from impending destruction. Every thing was left as the eruption found it; the tombs; the workshops; edicts and proclamations on the walls; coffee-houses; the surgeons' cabinet, where upwards of forty surgical instruments were found; soap factories; baths; apothecaries', wine, and oil shops; the theatres, temple, and forum, were all discovered, precisely in the state in which they had been used and inhabited more than sixteen centuries before.

Since that time, Vesuvius has had frequent convulsions, the most remarkable of which were in the years 203, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1139, 1306, 1631, 1760, 1794, and 1822. During the eleventh century the volcano was very active, there having been eighteen eruptions in the course of a hundred years. In 1737, a stream of lava burst over the summit, and pursued its course through the town of Torre del Greco to the sea, when its solid contents were estimated at thirty-three million five hundred and eighty-seven thousand and fifty-eight cubic feet.

In the eruption of 1794, (fifty-seven years afterwards,) the town of Torre del Greco was again destroyed, and the fiery river passed into the sea, to the distance of three hundred and sixty-two feet, presenting to the dashing waves a wall of one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven feet. It is stated by Mr. Scrope, that more than one-third of all the minerals known in the world, are to be found in the ejections of Vesuvius.

The volcano of Mount Ætna, in Sicily, is of very great antiquity. Its eruptions were noticed prior to the year 480 before Christ; and in the year 396 before Christ, the Carthaginian army is said to have been stopped in its march against Syracuse, by a stream of lava two miles in width, and twenty-four miles in length. The island of Sicily is supposed to have been rent from Italy by the force of an earthquake. The observations of modern geologists concur in this respect with the traditions of the ancients. Virgil and earlier writers allude to the belief then prevalent, that such disruption had taken place. The mountain, which towers to the height of above ten thousand feet, appears to be composed entirely of lava, and is interspersed in all parts with marine shells.

Professor Daubeny, who gave to these volcanoes a most thorough and scientific examination, says of *Ætna*: "In the structure of this mountain, every thing wears alike the character of vastness. The products of the eruptions of *Vesuvius* may be said almost to sink into insignificance, when compared with these coulees, some of which are four or five miles in breadth, fifteen in length, and from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness; and the changes made on the coast by them are so considerable, that the natural boundaries between the sea and land seem almost to depend upon the movements of the volcano. The height too, of *Ætna*, is so great, that the lava frequently finds less resistance in piercing the flanks of the mountain, than in rising to its summit, and has in this manner formed a number of minor cones, many of which possess their respective craters, and have given rise to considerable streams of lava. Hence an ancient poet has very happily termed this volcano the parent of Sicilian mountains, an expression strictly applicable to the relation which it bears to the hills in its immediate neighbourhood, all of which have been formed by successive ejections of matter from its interior. The grandest and most original feature, indeed, in the physiognomy of *Ætna*, is the cone of subordinate volcanic hills with which it is encompassed, and which look like a court of subaltern princes waiting upon their sovereign.

"Of these, some are covered with vegetation, others are bare and arid, their relative antiquity being probably denoted by the progress vegetation has made upon their surface; and the extraordinary difference that exists in this respect, seems to indicate, that the mountain, to which they owe their origin, must have been in a state of activity, if not at a period antecedent to the commencement of the present order of things, at least at a distance of time exceedingly remote."

The great eruptions of *Ætna* which have taken place are estimated at between thirty and forty. This number does not of course include the mere ejections of ashes and smoke. The present crater is of a conical form, and composed of ashes and cinders thrown out of the cavern beneath. The circumference of the crater is about ten miles, and its height a quarter of a mile.

The mountain is divided into the fertile, the woody, and the barren regions. The first, which is cultivated over a surface of about two hundred and twenty square leagues, is scarcely surpassed for its fertility, the superiority of the soil being attributed to the decomposition of the lava of which it is formed. It is studded with cities and towns, and has a population of one hundred thousand persons. The woody tract occupies a space of about forty-five square leagues of forests. After passing over this the traveller arrives at the barren region, where vegetation disappears, and for a distance of eight or ten miles, all is cheerless, cold, and frightful; huge masses of lava and ice, and eternal

snow, lie mingled together, while far above, in gloomy grandeur, the lofty summit sends forth its smokes and vapours.

The Peak of Teneriffe (twelve thousand feet above the sea,) has been almost dormant for the last two centuries. In 1798, after a slumber of ninety-two years, the lava made a violent eruption through the side of the mountain, but did not mount to the crater at the summit. The very lofty volcanic mountains, generally, have fewer eruptions than those of less altitude. The mountains of Cotopaxi, Tungura, and the Andes, which are vastly higher than those of Europe, have long periods of repose, and scarcely pour out their lava oftener than once in a century. Stromboli, which has comparatively but a slight elevation, is always active. Vesuvius is higher, and its eruptions less frequent than Stromboli; and *Ætna*, which is still higher than Vesuvius, has longer intervals in its violent action.

Iceland exhibits the result of volcanic action over its whole surface. Its mountains are an array of volcanoes, every bristling peak sooner or later vomiting fire. Von Troil describes it as a terrific and inhospitable region; tracts of arable ground, sufficient for a farm, being often at a distance of thirty to forty miles from any other inhabitable district. All between is broken, barren rocks; crumbled lavas; deep, muddy pools; and often an impassable surface of water, rocks, ice, and earth, in utter and majestic confusion. The *geysers*, or boiling springs, are situated in a muddy valley, of small extent, surrounded by precipitous hills of lava. The spectator, perched on one of the peaks, can overlook all the phenomena of the springs at a single view. Columns of boiling water, several feet in diameter, spout up many fathoms into the air, and deposit around the orifices from which they issue, a portion of the siliceous matter which they hold in solution. This being released, by the cooling of the water on its exposure to the cold air, forms a mineral basin through which the waters return to the caverns below. Every substance in the vicinity is covered with a glittering incrustation, like the ice on bushes and twigs in a winter storm. In this realm of fire and snow, a few tracts of decomposed lava yield to the arts of agriculture, and amidst the terrors of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, sulphureous vapours, and pestilential marshes, the inhabitants of Iceland, a devotional, moral, poetical people, obtain more of the comforts and necessities of life, than are enjoyed by any other inhabitants of the arctic regions.

The lava and minerals, which have been taken from Hecla and the other Iceland volcanoes, have a very close resemblance, on analysis, with those of the south of Europe.

Mac Kenzie, in his work on Iceland, states, that in many districts a large surface or stratum of volcanic matter has been blown up into bubbles or blisters, varying from a few feet to forty or fifty feet in diameter. They contain numberless little craters, from which flames and scorice had been ejected, but no lava. These craters, he says, are

often partially covered in by domes of the same materials, as though the whole rock had been first softened by the operation of heat, and had then been puffed out and swollen by the escaping gases and vapours.

The island of *Java*, in the *Indian Ocean*, is covered with volcanic mountains, varying from five to twelve thousand feet in height; the craters of many of them are extinct; others emit smoke and vapours, and some have had eruptions within a few years. The Papandayang, which was one of the largest volcanoes in Java, was swallowed up in 1772. Dr. Horsefield, whose account is quoted by Daubeny, says, that "near midnight there was observed about the mountain an uncommonly luminous cloud, by which it appeared to be completely enveloped. The inhabitants, as well about the foot as on the sides of the mountain, alarmed by the appearance, betook themselves to flight; but before they could all save themselves, the mountain began to give way, and the greatest part of it actually fell in and disappeared in the earth. At the same time a tremendous noise was heard, resembling the discharge of the heaviest cannon. Immense quantities of volcanic substances, which were thrown out at the same time, and spread in every direction, propagated the effects of the explosion through the space of many miles.

"It is estimated, that an extent of ground, of the mountain itself and its immediate environs, fifteen miles long and six broad, was by this commotion swallowed up in the earth." It is also mentioned, that forty villages, partly ingulfed and partly covered by the substances thrown out, were destroyed on this occasion, and that two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven of the inhabitants perished.

The most remarkable volcano in the Indian Ocean, is that of mount *Tomboro*, in the island of *Sumbawa*, (one of the *Molucca* islands,) about three hundred miles distant from Java. An eruption which took place in April, 1815, is the most remarkable for its effects of any which has ever occurred. Sir Stamford Raffles,* who was at that time lieutenant-governor of Java, collected, and has given, a very interesting description of all the facts connected with this eruption. The extent to which the noises were heard, and the smoke and dust scattered, would be almost incredible, were it not related on such high authority, and after a careful and scientific survey. The reports were distinctly audible, and the earth agitated, over the *Molucca* islands, *Java*, *Sumatra*, and *Borneo*, embracing a circumference of one thousand miles; and within three hundred miles around it, the effects were most astonishing.

"In Java," says the author just named, "at the distance of three hundred miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was overcast at mid-day with clouds of ashes; the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere, whose 'palpable density' he was unable to penetrate; a shower

of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and amid this darkness, explosions were heard at intervals, like the report of artillery, or the noise of distant thunder.

"At Sumbawa itself, three distinct columns of flame appeared to burst forth, near the top of the Tomboro mountain, (all of them apparently within the verge of the crater,) and after ascending separately to a very great height, their tops united in the air in a confused and troubled manner. In a short time, the whole mountain next Sangir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction.

"The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until the darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it, about 8 P. M. Stones at this time fell very thickly at Sangir, mostly of a small size, though some were as large as two fists. Between 9 and 10 P. M. ashes began to fall, and soon after, a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house in the village of Sangir, carrying the roofs and light parts away with it. In the port of Sangir, its effects were much more violent, tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and carrying them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatever else came within its influence. (This is supposed to account for the immense number of trees which were afterwards seen floating at sea.) The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it had ever been known to do before, and completely spoiled the only small spots of rice land in Sangir, sweeping away houses and every thing within its reach. The whirlwind lasted about an hour. After it ceased, the explosions commenced and continued, gradually diminishing in frequency and violence, for about a week.

"Of all the villages around the mountain, one only, with forty inhabitants, was left. There were not fewer than twelve thousand individuals in Tomboro and Pekate, at the time, of whom only five or six survived."

In the island of *Timor*, a mountain had for ages reared its solitary peak, and the flames issuing from it had served as a light-house, visible for many miles over the ocean. A dismal lake now occupies the place of the mountain, which has disappeared.

In the islands of *Japan* there are ten volcanoes. The *Philippine* islands, and many of the other groups in that ocean, are studded with them. The island of *Sumatra* is the seat of a high volcanic mountain, and is often agitated by earthquakes.

Near *Bencoolen*, a mountain rises to the height of twelve thousand feet, and constantly emits smoke from its summit, and hot springs from its sides. Some of the *Appenines* still emit sulphureous vapour, and give other indications of volcanic action beneath them. There are several volcanoes burning in the *Lipari* islands. In the island of *Mayen*, on the coast of Greenland, is a mountain whose crater is five hundred feet deep, and two thousand in diameter. Its latest eruption was about thirty years ago. The *Cape de Verde* islands are volcanic,

and in one of them, the island of *Fogo*, one mountain is now in vigorous action.

Dr. Webster, of Harvard University, visited the *Azores*, or Western Islands, about ten years since, and published a highly interesting description of that group; they are entirely volcanic, though but one of them is at this time burning.

It is asserted by travellers, that the further shore of the *Red Sea* is the seat of several, which are now active. The same is the case with the *Himalaya* range. There are several in *China* and *Tartary*, and in *Kamschatka*.

We have thus enumerated some of the most conspicuous volcanoes on the eastern continent, and in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, and are warned, by the length to which this very general survey has already extended, that we must defer our further remarks to another opportunity. To such of our readers as are disposed to examine this more closely, we would particularly commend an article (in the thirteenth volume of the *American Journal of Science*) on the work of Mr. *Scrope*, and another upon that of Mr. *Daubeny*. Our limits have confined us in this, and will in our next number, to a very cursory analysis and narration of the facts cited by these authors in support of the views which they take of volcanoes and volcanic action. We shall proceed with a view of the volcanoes in action on this continent, and in the Pacific Ocean; of submarine volcanoes; of extinct volcanoes; and of the islands of the ocean which are believed to have been formed by volcanic eruptions.

TRUE LOVE.

And wherefore mourn the love that's fled?—
Behold it as some blessed dream,
That, on the half-shut eye has shed,
A golden but a wandering gleam.

A holy light that breaks, perchance,
Through evening vapours on the eye—
Then, glad of its deliverance,
Floats, upward, to the blessed sky.

EPITAPH ON A MIMIC.

Here, free from mortal cares and strife,
Lies one who, till his parting breath,
So mimicked all things to the life,
Men thought he only mimicked death.
Through every phase of life he ran,
And acted all things—but a MAN!

NIGHTS IN AN INDIAN LODGE.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A WESTERN TOURIST.

"*Neshin Wikiewun*"—exclaimed White-Plume, after kindling our fire in the deserted shantee of some roving hunter, which we found in one of those deep ravines, through which the brooks of the north-west discharge themselves into the Upper Mississippi. "A good house," said he, rubbing his hands and looking around with an air of satisfaction. "*Aneende*," growled Che-che-gwa, —*The Rattlesnake*,—with Indian sententiousness, while his less dignified friend sliced off a couple of steaks from the bear, which he had just killed, and left the Canadian to prepare the supper, which was soon despatched by all four of us. It was still early in the evening, and though somewhat fatigued, as I was not at all sleepy, I should have had a pretty tedious time of it, after the Rattlesnake had coiled himself to rest, if left alone with so laconic a companion. But the White-Plume, who had been a great traveller in his day, and was noted for his talkativeness and story-telling—seemed seized with an unusual fit of loquacity. The other Indian appeared at first much inclined to repose, but his disposition to sleep was gradually dispelled by the vivacity of his comrade. He soon raised himself on his elbow and yielded more attention to the waggish sallies of the other. Finally sitting erect, he carefully filled his pipe with kinnekinic, and, placing his back against the rough timber of the lodge, seemed prepared for a long siege, as his friend entered upon one of those rambling legends, of which the Indians are so fond. The story-teller also clearing his throat, asked for "some milk from the 'mokomaun's, *black cow*!" and emptying the whiskey bottle, which the Canadian handed him, at a draught, he pursued his tale without further interruption, except from the guttural expression of satisfaction, which now and then escaped from the deep chest of his companion, or the loud snoring of my guide, whose slumbers were as noisy, as if he were sleeping against time. My knowledge of the language used by the story-teller was so slight, that the meaning of his words often escaped me altogether; and it was only from his frequent repetition of the same ideas, enforced by the most animated and expressive gestures, and, perhaps, from my having before heard of the tradition upon which it was founded, that I was at all able to follow him in the nar-

ration. It would be affectation in me to attempt giving the style, and mode of expression, in which the tale I am about to relate was conveyed to me, but the main tissue of it was as follows.

THE hunters of the far west who trap for beaver among the defiles of the Oregon Mountains, regard no part of their long journey, from the borders to their savage hunting grounds, where the fur-bearing animals are still found in the greatest profusion, with more aversion than that which leads over the great desert ; where the tributaries of the Padouca, the Konzas, and the Arkansas rivers, are half-absorbed by the arid sand. Lewis and Clarke, Major Long, and other scientific explorers of this desolate region, suffered much from the want of water while passing through it on their way to the Rocky Mountains ; and they often mention the disheartening effect it had upon their followers, when after traversing the scorching plain for weeks, it still lay stretched in unbroken and monotonous vastness before them. This portion of country, which extends along the base of the Rocky Mountains, as far as we have any acquaintance with their range, is said to have an average width of six hundred miles. In the north the surface is occasionally characterized by water-worn pebbles and hard gravel, but the predominant characteristic is sand, which, in many instances, prevails to the entire exclusion of vegetable mould. At the south the arid plains are profusely covered with loose fragments of volcanic rocks, amid whose barren bosom no genial plant has birth ; and, indeed, throughout the whole region, large tracts are often to be met with, which exhibit scarcely a trace of vegetation. In some few instances sandy hillocks and ridges make their appearance, thickly covered with red cedar of a dwarfish growth ; but in general nothing of vegetation appears upon the uplands, but rigid grass of sparse and stunted growth, prickly pears profusely covering extensive tracts, and weeds of a few varieties which, like the prickly pears, seem to thrive the best in the most arid and sterile soils.*

The Indians, who inhabit this extensive region, are composed of several roving tribes, who, unlike the nations to the east and west of them, have no permanent villages, nor hunting grounds, which they claim as peculiarly their own. They hunt the buffalo and antelope, and, dwelling only in tents of leather, migrate from place to place in pursuit of the herds of those animals ; and so extensive is their range, that while they exchange their skins for blankets and strouding, with the British traders on the Che-

* Long's First Expedition, pp. 386—352, Vol. II.

yenue river of the north, they also trade their mules and horses, for vermilion and silver ornaments, with the Spaniards of Mexico on the Colorado of the south. The Arrapahoes, Kaskaias, Kiaways, and Ietans, which are the chief of the desert hordes, are ferocious and predatory in their habits, and are continually at war with various tribes of the Missouri Indians, who inhabit the fertile countries which lie between them and our western frontier. The grizzly bear,—*Urs. Horrib.*—the king of the American wilds, shares these dreary domains with the savages hardly less ferocious than himself, and roams the waste in quest of living prey. Here, too, the illusive mirage of the desert cheats the parched traveller with its refreshing promise, and the wanderers in these solitudes often tell of those monstrous shapes and unnatural forms, which, like the spectre of the Brocken, reflected on the heated and tremulous vapor, are magnified and distorted to the eye of the appalled and awe-stricken traveller.* Strange fires, too, are said to shoot along the baked and cracking earth, and the herds of wild horses that can be seen trooping along the horizon, seem at times to be goaded on by gigantic and unearthly riders, whose paths are enveloped in wreaths of flame.† The scientific explorer readily calls philosophy to his aid in examining the sestrange appearances; while learning explains the phenomena, of which he is himself a witness, and reason rejects the preternatural images, which he only knows from the representations of others. But the nomadic tribes, who make their dwelling upon the desert, or the uneducated adventurer, who wanders thither from some more smiling region, are differently

* "As the day advanced and the heat of the sun began to be felt, such quantities of vapor were seen to ascend from every part of the plain, that all objects at a little distance appeared magnified and variously distorted. Three elks, which were the first that we had seen, crossed our path at some distance before us. The effect of the mirage, with our indefinite idea of the distance, magnified those animals to the most prodigious size. For a moment we thought we saw the mastodon of America moving in those vast plains, which seem to have been created for his dwelling place."—*Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*

† Luminous appearances, like those mentioned in the text, are also said to be common in some of the mining districts west of the Mississippi. Dr. Edwin James of the army, the accomplished naturalist and traveller, received several accounts of them from the residents in that region, though neither he nor any of his party witnessed any such phenomena. A settler told them "of two itinerant preachers who had encountered an indescribable phenomenon, at a place about nine miles east of Lontre lick. As they were riding side by side at a late hour in the evening, one of them requested the other to observe a ball of fire attached to the end of his whip. No sooner was his attention directed to this object, than a similar one began to appear on the other end of the whip; in a moment afterwards, their horses and all objects near them were enveloped in a wreath of flame. By this time the minds of the itinerant preachers were so much confounded, that they were no longer capable of observation, and could, therefore, give no further account of what happened. He also stated as a fact, authenticated by the most credible witnesses, that a very considerable tract of land near by had been seen to send up vast columns of smoke, which rose through the light and porous soil like the covering of a coal-pit."

affected. The monstrous shapes, and unearthly appearances, that present themselves to his excited vision, are regarded through the medium of superstitious awe. The wild imagination of the Indian, and the credulous fancy of the Creole and Canadian hunter, people these mysterious solitudes with actual beings; while the grotesque figures, drawn upon the mocking mirage, after presenting themselves frequently to their eye, assume at length an individuality and a name; and it is said that they become at last so familiar with the images represented as even to pretend to recognise the features, and swear to the identity of shapes which are continually changing, and which probably never present themselves more than once to the same person. Among those most often mentioned there are none, whose identity has been more completely established, and whose names are whispered with deeper awe, than those of the GHOST RIDERS. The Canadian Engagé always crosses himself when he utters the name, and the Otto, or Omaw-whaw warrior, who may have skirted the desert in a war party, against the Cheyennes, or the Pawnee-Loup, who has crossed it in his battles with the Crow and Kiawa Indians, invariably places his hand upon his Metawiaun, or repository of his personal manitto, when he speaks of these fearful apparitions. Those who have beheld these strange dwellers of the desert, describe them as two gigantic figures, representing a man and woman locked in each other's arms, and both mounted on one horse, which is of the same unearthly make as themselves. Some pretend to have been near enough to discover their features, and these assert that the face of the man, though emaciated and ghastly, and writhed with the most fearful contortions, by an expression of shrinking horror, can plainly be identified as the countenance of a white man; while the features of the woman, though collapsed and corpse-like, are evidently those of an Indian female. Others assert that no one can ever have been near enough to the phantoms to remark these peculiarities; for the Ghost Riders, say they, are for ever in motion, and they scour the desert with such preternatural velocity, as to mock the scrutiny of human eyes. They appear to be goaded on for ever, by some invisible hand, while the phantom charger that bears them, overleaps every obstacle, as he flies on his mysterious, and apparently, aimless career.

There is a traditionary legend among the Indians, accounting for the origin of these fearful apparitions, to which universal credence is given. It is a story of love and vengeance—of gentle affections won by gallant deeds, and Eden-like happiness blasted

by unholy passion—of black-hearted treachery and ruthless violence, that met with a punishment more horrible even than itself.

And thus the story runs.

Upon the western borders of the great desert already described, and somewhere about the head-waters of the Padouca and Arkansas rivers,—where they approach each other among those broken sand-stone ledges, which lift their gray parapets, and isolated, columnar rocks of snowy whiteness, from copses of hazle and shrubby oaks,—there stood many years since, the lodge of Ta-ingaro ;—*The first thunder that falls*. The hunter, though no one knew whence he came, appeared to be upon friendly terms with all the allied tribes of the desert, and he was said to have recommended himself to them on his appearance in those wilds, by bringing a dozen scalps, of different tribes of the Missouri Indians, at his saddle-bow, when he first presented himself in the skin lodges of the roving Kaskaias. So rich an offering would have placed the chief at the head of an independent band of his own, had he wished to become a “Partisan,” or leader of warriors; but the habits of Ta-ingaro were unsocial and secluded, and the only object that claimed the solicitude, or shared the sympathies of the bold stranger, was a beautiful female—the sole companion of his exile. The name of the hunter was evidently of Omaw-whaw origin, but there was nothing about his person to mark him as belonging to that distant nation, and it was equally difficult to identify the partner of his wandering, with any neighbouring tribe. Some, from the fairness of her complexion, insisted that she must belong to the Rice-eaters—*Menomónés*—or, White Indians of the north, who dwell near the country of the Long-knives—others, that she must be a *Boisbrulé*, or daughter of Sioux mother, by some, Sakindasha—*British*—trader: but no one, after a while, troubled themselves about the origin of Zecana, or *The Bird*, as she was called in the Yanckton language. Indeed, the lonely couple lived so completely by themselves, in a spot but seldom visited, that they were soon forgotten among a people so scattered as the dwellers of the desert. The only object of Ta-ingaro appeared to have been, to find a home where he could place his wife in safety; and the broken mounds, and hillocks, and angular tables of sandstone, now heaped upon the soil, like the plates of ice often piled upon each other in the eddies, and along the banks, of rivers, and now raising themselves in solitary pyramids and obelisks* along the grassy vales, in which he sought an asylum, made this the country, of all others, wherein

* Major Long—Dr. James.

the outlaw might find a secure fastness—especially when the whole breadth of the desert lay between him and his people. Secure amid these wild and picturesque retreats, the sole care of the exile was to keep a few wild horses in training near his lodge, and to hunt the game, that was necessary for the subsistence of his small household. The soul of Ta-ingaro appeared to be completely wrapped up in the being who had united her fate with his. He seldom allowed her to go out of his sight, and, when the disappearance of the buffalo and antelope from his immediate neighbourhood extended the range of the chase, Zecana always accompanied him on his more distant expeditions. Indeed, the love, which the hunter bore to his wife, was not like the ordinary affection of an Indian to his squaw; it resembled more the devotion which distinguishes those, who, in some tribes, are coupled out as friends, to be nearer to each other than children of the same father, in all the concerns that mark the pathway of life.*—It was like the mystic tie which unites together the fated brothers of "the Band of the Brave."†

The genial months of summer had passed away, and the first moon of autumn still found the exile and his bride, dwelling in their sequestered valley. His success in the chase, had enabled Ta-ingaro to exchange a pack of skins for a few simple comforts, with a Spanish trader on the Mexican border, and by merely shifting his lodge, to the mountain recesses near, when the winter called for a more sheltered situation, he was easily enabled to strike the wild goats of the Oregon Mountains, and by trapping for beaver among the adjacent glens, supply all the wants of himself and Zecana. It was necessary, however, in disposing of the latter, to be frequently brought in contact with the Spaniard; and his unwillingness to leave his wife unprotected, induced Ta-ingaro often to take her with him on his visits to the trading post. The consequences were such, as are continually occurring on our own frontier, in the intercourse between the licentious whites, who are bound by no ties except those of interest and passion, and the confiding and simple-hearted Indians.

The Spaniard, whose cabin was already shared with two wives, taken from the adjacent tribes with whom he traded, soon conceived a partiality for the fairer features of the northern girl; and, with that total disregard of moral obligations, which is but too characteristic of his order, when the welfare of one of the aborigines is concerned, he determined that she should become

* Long's First Expedition, vol. i, p. 255.

† Lewis and Clarke, vol. i, p. 60.

the victim of his unbridled passions. His advances were received by Zecana, with indignation and scorn ; but notwithstanding the disgust which his persevering in them awakened, she feared to tell her husband of the insults she received, lest his impetuous disposition should embroil him with all the renegado whites, villainous half-bloods, and degraded Indians, that usually hang around a trading-post, and become the pliant creatures of its master. The return of spring, too, was near, and Zecana thought that its earliest blossoms would find her once more alone with her lover, enjoying the sequestered privacy of their summer retreat together ; and confident in her own purity and strength, she contented herself with repelling the advances of the trader in silence. But the wily and profligate Spaniard was not to be cheated so easily of his victim ; and after meditating a variety of designs, he at last brought both cunning and force to the accomplishment of his purpose. He succeeded in luring the unsuspecting Indian into an agreement, by which a pack of skins was to be delivered within a certain period ; and, in order that Taringaro might be completely unshackled in his efforts to procure them, and rove as far as possible in his dangerous quest, the trader prevailed upon him to leave his wife in his guardianship, while her husband went upon an expedition into the inmost recesses of the Rocky Mountains. The hunter, according to the custom of the Indians, departed upon his errand, without giving Zecana the slightest intimation of his distant mission, or of the arrangements, which he had made for her care during his absence.

In one of the most romantic valleys on the eastern side of the mountains, at the foot of that snow-capped peak, which is called after the first white man that ever planted his foot on the summit,* there is a large and beautiful fountain, whose transparent water, highly aerated with exhilarating gases, has procured it the name of "The Boiling Spring," from the white hunters, who trap for beaver in this lonely region. This fountain is one of the first you meet with, after crossing the great desert, and its grateful beverage, not less than its singular situation, causes it to be regarded with deep veneration by the roving natives of the mountain and the plain. The Indian hunter, when he drinks from this rocky basin, invariably leaves an offering in the refreshing bowl ; and the clean bottom is paved with the beads and other ornaments, which the aborigines have left there as sacrifices, or presents, to the spring.†

By the side of this fountain, one sultry April noontide, reposed

* Edwin James's U. S. A.

† Major Long.

the form of an Indian hunter. His mantle of blue and scarlet cloth, beaded with white wampum, was evidently of Spanish manufacture, and indicated perhaps the gay and predatory rover of the south-west; but the long, plaited, and riband-twined locks of the Ietan, or Kaskaia, were wanting; and the knotted tuft on his crown—with the war-eagle's feather as its only ornament—characterized more truly the stern and less volatile native of the north; while the towering form, and prominent aquiline nose, were combined with other features and proportions, which more particularly distinguished the Pawnees and other tribes of the Missouri Indians. It was, in fact, impossible to say to what nation the hunter belonged. The best blood of the noblest band might channel unmingled with any baser current in his veins—but whatever might be the totem of his tribe, it was evident that he now held himself identified with no particular clan—and was, perhaps, indeed an outlaw from his people. The expression of dauntless resolution that dwelt around his firmly-cut mouth, and the air of high command discoverable in his piercing eye, revealed, however, that the hunter was no common man—that in fact, whatever might now be his pursuits, he was once a warrior and a chieftain.

Weary with the chase, and exhausted by the noontide heat, Ta-ingaro was reposing upon the rich greensward, which carpeted this spot. He had thrown off his gay Mexican blanket, or cloth mantle, as it might rather be called, and was occupied in stripping the beads from the woven garters of his metasses, for an offering to the divinity of the place. One after another, the bits of wampum were dropped by him into the bubbling well, over which he leaned. But each, as it struck the bottom, was thrown again to the surface by some boiling eddy, and after dancing for a moment on the brim, it toppled over the lips of the fountain, and disappeared in the stream which swept down the narrow valley. The heart of an Indian is the abode of a thousand superstitions; and Ta-ingaro, though more enlightened than most of his race, was still, so far as fancy was concerned, a genuine child of the wilderness. The sudden onset of a score of Black-feet, he had met without dismay, and their charging yell would have been flung back with his own whoop of defiance; but the soul of the intrepid savage sank within him, as he beheld the strange reception of his reverential rite. Danger and death he feared not for himself, but there was another, whose existence was wound up in his own; and mis-giving thoughts of her condition floated wildly through his brain

at this moment.—A strange mist swam before his dazzled sight, and he saw, or deemed that he saw, the reproachful countenance of Zecana, reflected in the mysterious pool. The appalled lover sprang like lightning to his feet, and riveted his piercing gaze intently upon the fountain.—But the apparition was gone. The wampum-strewed bottom was all that met his eye within the sacred bowl, and he knew not whether the mocking semblance, just presented on its surface, was distorted by pain, or whether the motion of the unstable mirror changed those lineaments from their wonted sweetness. A startling train had been given to his ideas, however, which fancy rudely followed up, without the aid of new images to quicken her power. A sudden resolve and instant execution was the result. The call of the chieftain brought his horse in a moment to his side; another served to readjust his few equipments, and leaping into his seat, he at once bade adieu to the scenes, where he had hardly yet commenced his new employment, leaving his fur-traps, and all they might contain, to the first fortunate hunter that should chance to light upon them.

Ta-ingaro had a journey of some length before him, along the base of the mountain, but at last "the Spanish Peaks" hove near, and the impatient voyager soon after appeared before the trading-post of the Spaniard. He found it occupied by a small force of provincial soldiers, who had been ordered thither on account of some hostile movements of the neighboring Comanches; and a good-natured Mexican, who was one of the sentinels on duty, apprised him that Zecana was there no longer, and warned him that imprisonment and death would be the certain consequence, should he present himself before the commandant. The anxious husband waited not to learn whether the trader was still at the station; but thinking that Zecana might have sought a refuge in his own home during the existing difficulties upon the border, he struck the spurs into his jaded horse, and wheeling from the inhospitable gate, his lessening form soon disappeared over the rolling prairie.

Never had the road seemed so long, to the retreat, where he had known so many happy hours, and where, in spite of some misgivings at his heart, he still hoped to realize many more. After winding his way for some time among the singular pieces of table-land, which rise in such formal mounds, from those plains, he descended at last into the little vale, where his lodge was situated. All looked as still and sheltered, as when last he left it; and his heart rose to his lips when, reclining beneath the dwarf willows, which bent over the stream near his door, he saw

the loved form of Zecana. There was something unpleasant to him, however, in the singular listlessness of her appearance. The tramp of his horse appeared not to startle her; and when, at last, his figure met her eye, she looked at him as carelessly as if wholly unconscious of his presence. She appeared to be busied in watching the ingenious labors of a group of prairie dogs,* one of whose neat villages was clustered around a small mound near the spot where she sat; and as the marmots would move in and out of their burrows, and sport in the warm sunshine, she sung to them snatches of strange airs, such as had either originated among her own people, or been caught in other days from some wandering Mexican or Canadian trader. The chieftain threw himself from his horse, and stood over the insane female in agonized horror; the wild words that she murmured appeared to have no allusion to him; and, though in her fallen and emaciated features he could still recognise the face of her, whom he had loved, yet the being before him could hardly be identified with his own Zecana. But the strange superstition of his race, in relation to those afflicted with a loss of reason, began soon to influence his mind, and dropping on one knee before the maniac, he listened as solemnly to her ravings as if he had the art of an areho—*magician*—to interpret them. They were incoherent and wandering, but they seemed ever and anon to hover near some revelation, too horrible even to pass the lips of insanity. The Indian sprang from the ground as if a bullet had pierced his heart, when the conviction of their import first flashed upon his brain, while the soul-piercing cry he uttered, summoned back for a moment the reason of the desolated woman before him. But the gleam of mind was instantly lost in a darker eclipse, than that from which the voice of her lover had evoked it. She gave him a look of anguish, more piteous even than the ravings of her previous distraction—and then—while her lips seemed convulsed with the effort—she shrieked forth the name of the Spaniard, in the same instant that a knife, which she wore about her person, laid her a gory corpse at the feet of her husband.

It would be impossible to describe the emotions of Ta-ingaro

* The *Wistoneish* of the Indians, prairie dogs of some travellers; or squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies, in towns or villages, having an evident police established in their communities. The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill, near some creek or point, in order to be convenient to water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. They are of a dark brown color, except their bellies, which are white; their tails are not so long as those of our gray squirrels, but are shaped precisely like them; their teeth, head, nails and body, are the perfect squirrel, except that they are fatter than that animal."—*Pike's Expedition*, p. 156.

The naturalist of Long's Expedition calls these animals "*marmots*."

at the spectacle which had just passed, like some dreadful vision, before his eyes. The very soul within him seemed blasted with horror and dismay, at the frightful desolation that had overtaken his happy home. The casket in which he had garnered up his hopes—the being in whom he had merged his existence—lay an irretrievable ruin, a desecrated corpse before him! and he that had wrought this stupendous injury—he the author of this fiendish destruction—was the trusted friend of his bosom, the appointed guardian and protector of all it prized on earth or in heaven.

The lapse of hours found the wretched husband still standing, in mute stupefaction, where the knowledge of his calamity had first burst upon his agonized senses. But some new feeling seemed now to be at work within him; a wild and sudden impulse gleamed fearfully over his fixed and haggard countenance. He became an altered being—changed on the instant—changed in heart, soul, and character, as if the spell of an enchanter had passed through his brain. Till now he had been, either more, or less, than an Indian. The plastic hand of Love had moulded him into a different creature from the stern and immoveable children of his race. The outlawed warrior had loved Zecana; he had loved her, not as the sons of pleasure, the slaves of sordid toil—not as men enervated by the luxuries, and fettered by the interests, the prejudices, the soul-shackling bonds of civilization—not as the artificial creature of society can only love. He loved her with a soul that knew no dividing cares; that was filled with no hollow dreams of pomp or power.—He loved her with a heart that was tenanted by one only passion.—He worshipped her with a mind that bowed to no image beneath the sun, save that which was graven in his own bosom. Nor was Zecana unworthy such a passion. Gentle, as the antelope that skimmed the green savannas near, she was still a being, fond, warm, and doting; and the deepest passions of her woman's nature had been called into action, by the wild devotion of her lover. The flower of her young affections had budded, and matured to life, like the quickly-blowing blossoms of an arctic spring, while the fruits it bore were rich, and full, and glowing, as those which a tropic summer warms into existence. And, though no conflicting feeling had ever come athwart the fullness of their love, think not that the ties of association were wanting to knit the memory of every look and word of hers to the heart-strings of Ta-ingaro. The radiant face of Nature speaks ever to the Indian, of the being that on earth he most adores. Her sigh will whisper from the leafy forest; her smile will brighten on the blossom-tufted prairie; the voice that

murmurs in the running stream, syllables her name in tuneful eloquence for ever. And they were happy. The brook that sang beneath the willows near their lodge—the flowers that kissed its current—the bird that warbled on the spray above them, were all the world to them—those lonely lovers. And now this bower of bliss was blasted—this home of peace and simple joys was desolated—ruined and desecrated, as if the malice-breathing fiat of some unhallowed and fabled monster had gone forth against the happiness of its owner. The pulse of no living being beat with sympathy for the master of that lonely wreck—but the soul of Ta-ingaro was sufficient to itself; the indomitable pride of an Indian chief, filled its inmost recesses with new resources for battling with his fate. Love and sorrow—like snow-drift smoothing the rocky casing of a volcano—melted in a moment before the fires, that glowed within his flinty bosom, and his original nature asserted itself in every fibre of his frame. His mien and his heart alike were altered. His features petrified into the immobility of a savage, while his brain burned with a thirst of vengeance, which only gave no outward token, because its fiendish cravings were unutterable through any human organ. Calmly, as if nothing had occurred to ruffle the wonted placidity of his disposition, he proceeded to occupy himself, for the rest of the day, in the few concerns that required his attention. The still warm body of Zecana, after being carefully wrapped in a buffaloe skin, was disposed of for the time in the *caché*, wherein his provisions were usually kept—and, after carefully adjusting every thing to insure its concealment, he occupied himself in taking care of his favorite horse—which, after the late arduous journey, required both attention and refreshment. When these necessary duties were fulfilled, the solitary, at the approach of evening, calmly lighted his pipe, and passing several hours under its soothing influence, with as much equanimity as if nothing had occurred to interrupt his customary enjoyment, he at last wrapped himself in his wolf-skin robe, and was soon sleeping as soundly, as if a dream of human ill had never thrown a shadow over his slumbers.

It was two nights after this, that the Spanish trader lay securely asleep within the guarded walls of his station. His repose was apparently as unmolested, as that which has just been ascribed to Ta-ingaro; and at the foot of his bed sat the dusky form of the Indian warrior, watching the sleep of his enemy with as mild an eye, as if he were hanging upon the downy slumbers of an infant.—All was as quiet, as the tenantless lodge of the lonely watcher. The chamber, or cabin, stood on the ground floor, in

an angle of the blockhouse. It was guarded by sentries, both within and without the station; and how this strange visitant had penetrated within the walls, no human being has ever known; but there, by the flickering light of a low fire, could be seen the wily and daring savage, sitting as calm, cool, and collected, as if patience were all that was required to effect the purpose that had brought him thither. The tramp of armed men was now audible near the gate of the fort, as if the customary change of sentinels was taking place. The slight commotion incident to the occasion soon ceased, and all around the post became again perfectly silent. A considerable space of time now elapsed, and the Indian still maintained his statue-like position. At last he sunk noiselessly from the couch to the floor, and placing his ear to the ground, listened for a while—as if assuring himself that all was as he wished. His measures were then instantly taken; he first loosened the wampum belt from his person, and possessed himself of a long cord, or *lasso*, which he had either brought with him, or found in the chamber of the Spaniard; placing now his scalping-knife in his teeth, he glided like a shadow to the head of the bed, and at the same moment that the noose of the lasso was adroitly thrown over the neck of the sleeping trader, with one hand, the belt of beaded woollen was forced into his mouth with the other, and his waking cries effectually stifled. The ill-starred Spaniard made but a short struggle for release, for the arms of the sinewy savage pinioned him so closely, that he saw, in a moment, his efforts were vain, and the threatening motion of his determined foe, in tightening the noose, when his struggles were more vigorous, intimidated him into deferring the attempt to escape, to some more promising opportunity. He submitted to be bound in silence; and the Indian swathed his limbs together, till he lay utterly helpless, an inanimate log upon the couch whereon he had been reposing. Having thus secured his prize, Ta-ingaro went to work, with the same imperturbability, to place it beyond the danger of recapture. He first displaced a portion of the bark roof of the rude chamber, and, lifting his unresisting captive through the aperture, carefully placed his burden beside the wooden chimney of the primitive structure, where it projected above the timber-built walls of the station, and threw its shadows far over the area of the fort. Returning then to the room, from which he had just emerged, he took an arrow thickly feathered from the combustible pods of the wild cotton tree, which grows profusely along the river bottoms of this region, and lighting it by the dying embers before him,

he swung himself once more above the rafters, and, standing in the shadow of the chimney, launched the flaming shaft far within the window of a cabin, which opened upon the central square of the station immediately opposite to the shantee of the trader. The fiery missile performed its errand with speed and fidelity—the sleeping apartment of the commandant was instantly in a blaze, and the ill-disciplined sentinels, eager to make up for their want of vigilance by present officiousness, rushed from their posts to shield their officer from the danger, which had so suddenly beset him. The exulting savage availed himself of the commotion, and the fettered trader was lowered instantaneously on the outside of the fort. A solitary sentinel, who had hitherto been unobserved in the deep shadow of the wall, started aghast at the inanimate form, which was placed so abruptly at his feet; but the Indian dropped like a falcon on his prey, beside it, and a half-uttered cry of astonishment, died away in a death-groan, as the knife of the descending savage buried itself in the chest of the unfortunate soldier. The disappearance of the trader was not observed amid the pressing concern of the moment. The fire spread rapidly among the inflammable buildings, and the incendiary, who had a couple of horses waiting for him in a slight ravine, which traversed the prairie, mounted by the light of the blazing cabins, and was far on his journey before the flames which had been kindled from his captive's chamber were extinguished.

Arriving at his own lodge, by several short turns through the broken country, known only to himself, Ta-ingaro unbound the trader from his horse, and, keeping his hands still tied behind him, attentively ministered to his wants, while refusing to reply to a single question, or to heed the pleadings of the anxious Spaniard for entire liberty. At length, being fully refreshed, the Indian left him for a few moments to his reflections, while he went to select a large and powerful charger from a herd of half-domesticated horses that were grazing near. The animal was soon caught, and tethered by the door of the cabin. Ta-ingaro then proceeded to strip his captive, and compelling him to mount the horse, he secured him to the wooden saddle by thongs of elk skin, attached to the broad circingle, which girt it in its place. The wretched man trembled with apprehension, and, with a choking voice, offered all he was worth in the world, to be redeemed from the fate to which he now believed he was to be devoted. But the doomed profligate had not yet begun to conceive the nature of the punishment, to which he was destined,

or his pleadings for immediate death, would have been as earnest, as his prayers for life, were now energetic.

"Slave of a Pale race," thundered the Indian—while the only words, that had yet passed his lips, betrayed a momentary impatience at the craven cries of the other—"think not that I am about to commit you *alone* to the desert!" A murmur of thanks escaped the faltering tongue of the Spaniard—but died away in a cry of horror, as the Indian placed a gory and disfigured corpse astride the horse, before him.

When he recovered from the swoon, into which the recognition of Zecana's features had thrown him, the unhappy trader found himself bound to the stark and grim effigy of her, that was once so soft and beautiful.—So closely, too, was he bound, that the very effort to free himself, only rendered nearer the hideous compact. Trunk for trunk, and limb for limb, was he lashed to his horrible companion. His inveterate foe stood ready mounted beside him, and waited only to feast his eyes with the first expression of shrinking horror evinced by the trader, when he should regain his consciousness. A blow from his tomahawk then severed the halter by which the horse of the Spaniard was tethered, and the enfranchised animal, tossing his mane in fury as he snuffed the tainted burden, bounded off in full career, followed by the fleet courser of the vindictive savage. Instinct taught him to make at once for the great desert, on whose borders lay the little prairie from which he started; and on he went, with the speed of an antelope. The dreary waste of sand was soon gained, and the limbs of the steed seemed to gather new vigor, as they touched once more his native plains.—But not so with his hapless rider. The fierce sunbeams, unmitigated by shade or vapor, beat down upon the naked person of the Spaniard, while the moisture that rolled from his naked body, seemed to mould him more intimately into the embraces of the lifeless corpse, to which he was bound. Night, with its blistering dews, brought no relief; and seemed only to hasten the corruption, to which he was linked in such frightful compact. The cessation of motion at this time, when the horse, now accustomed to his burden, was recruiting upon the rough grasses, which form the subsistence of his hardy breed, seemed even more horrible than the flight by day; and his struggles to release himself, when the Indian was no longer by his side, served only, by excoriating his skin, to pollute the surface beneath it with the festering limbs, which were twined around him. Sleep was allowed to bring no intermission of his sufferings. His head, would indeed droop with languor

and exhaustion, and his eyes would close for a moment in grateful forgetfulness of his situation.—But the next moment, his untiring and ever vigilant enemy was before him.—A cry, like the curses of a damned spirit, pealed in his dreaming ears ; the startled charger bounded off in affright ; and the break of dawn still found the remorseless pursuer howling on his track. And day succeeded to day, and still those ill-matched riders speeded on their goalless journey. At length, the pangs of hunger, which were soon added to the other tortures of the fated Spaniard, became too excruciating for endurance. His thirst being alway, with ingenious cruelty, quenched by the proffered cup of the savage, when their horses stopped to drink, the vitality of his system was still as strong and exacting as ever. The gnawing torments, to which his body was now subjected, surpassed even those, with which its more delicate senses were agonized. In vain did he strive to stifle the cruel longing, that consumed him—in vain did he turn with loathing and abhorrence from the only subsistence within his reach. An impulse stronger than that of mere preservation, wrought within his frenzied bosom.—An agony more unendurable than that which affected his revolting senses, consumed his vitals.—A horrid appetite corroded every feeling and perception, that might have stayed the vulture-like eagerness, with which he came at last to gloat upon the hideous banquet before him.—A demoniac craving, like that of the fabled Ghouls of eastern story, impelled him to its final gratification.

But why protract these harrowing details of superhuman suffering. The awful vengeance exacted from the foul-hearted and treacherous trader, like all things mortal, had its end. But the implacable Indian still hovered near and feasted his eyes with the maddening anguish of his victim, until his last idiotic cry told that reason and nature were alike prostrated and subdued—that brain and body were alike consumed by the fearful and ceaseless and lingering tortures which ate them away by inches.

The subsequent fate of Ta-ingaro has never been known. Some say that he still dwells, a harmless old man, in the wandering tents of the Ietans ; others, that he leads a predatory band of the ferocious and untameable Cheyennes ; but there are those who insist that he has long since gone to the land of spirits—and these aver that when the Ghost Riders are abroad, the grim phantom of the savage warrior may be seen chasing them over the interminable waste of the American Desert.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON—By *Jared Sparks*.—*Russel & Odiorne, Boston: M. Bancroft, New-York*. We have just received the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of this superb work; and take this opportunity, previously to laying before the public a complete and deliberate review of its contents, of recording our opinion of the taste and good judgment with which the editor has performed his part, and of the admirable execution, material, and style of publication, no less than of the vast importance of the documents, composing the bulk of the work, to the world in general, and to Americans in particular. With these volumes commences part the second, consisting of correspondence and miscellaneous papers relating to the American Revolution; and if there be one portion of our history more peculiarly worthy of the attention, more particularly gratifying to the pride and patriotism of our countrymen, it is the annals of that war, which converted the land of our fathers, from a petitioning, mutinous, and rebellious colony, into an independent and powerful sovereignty. With regard to the annals of this war, and of the western hemisphere at large, the world has been kept longer and more entirely in the dark, than with regard to the history of any other country on the earth, however remote or unimportant. Hundreds of men—who can point out with certainty, and at a moment's notice, the most minute events relating to the agrarian laws of Rome, who can quote the date of every battle in the Punic or the Social wars, and detail not only the names of the leaders on either side, but the forces engaged, the relative positions of the hostile armies, and the manœuvres both of victors and vanquished—are as ignorant of the date of the Stamp Act, and Port Bill, of the commanders who fought and bled in the protracted contest, which secured to their children the inestimable blessing of civil and religious liberty, as they are of the language of the Chaldee. And indeed, however unnatural and ridiculous this may appear, on the first view, we shall find, with a very little consideration, that it is easily accounted for, by the fact, that while the history of one period is amply, lucidly, and often eloquently narrated, the occurrences of the other, and far more important, era, have been left to the pens of gazetteers, and have consequently been slurred over in a manner equally unsatisfactory and incorrect. We have no

hesitation in saying, that we conceive the benefits, which will accrue from this publication of the correspondence, the opinions, and the actions of the *PATER PATRIÆ*, that best and purest of great men, to be incalculable. No narrative, however ably drawn up by the historian of times beyond his recollection, can possibly equal, in authenticity, truth, or vigor of delineation, the actual correspondences of contemporaries and actors in the very events which they describe. We shall peruse these further volumes with no less interest than care, and hold ourselves pledged to our readers to give them, ere long, an account of their contents, and a description of their beauties, as full as our limits will permit.

ALLEN PRESCOTT.—*Harper & Brothers, New-York*. Amidst the high-flown, and often over-wrought, fictions, with which the public taste is at the present moment pampered, if not to satiety, at least to loathing of all but such wild and extravagant tales of horrible adventure, as may rouse the reader's hair "like quills upon the fretful porcupine, it is quite refreshing to stumble upon something simple, and at the same time fresh in its simplicity. We feel a quiet and repose-like sense of happiness pervade our minds, as we turn over its artless pages; not unlike that with which the eye, tired of gazing on some vast and gorgeous landscape, bathed in all the glories of light, drops into some shady dell or green recess, and lingers there in tranquil delight, derived no less from the contrast than from the actual beauties of the scene. Allen Prescott is, indeed, a simple tale—a simple moral tale—but one whose simplicity and morality, thanks to the good taste of the author, are equally real and unobtrusive. The annals of the quiet life of a New-England boy—adventures such as *might* befall any, such as *do* befall hundreds of our countrymen—a tale of the quiet home, and the humble fireside, of struggles not against the fierce foeman, or the more fierce and furious passions, but against the errors, the faults, and the follies of the human heart. It is a tale

Of creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
Of transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Before passing on to other and more ostentatious trifles, we would say, in qualification of our praise of its simplicity, that the simplicity of which we speak is a sim-

plicity of subject and of style, not a simplicity of words; that it is the simplicity of nature, not of Mary Mitford and of L. E. L.; that it is real, genuine, unaffected, and un-romance-like simplicity. It is a tale, which a child of twelve years old might read and appreciate, and over which the wisest man need not blush to spend a leisure hour, replete with touches of human nature, and with some decided traits of character. Love Haywood is a perfect painting to the life. We commend Allen Prescott to the attention of the public. To their favor it may well commend itself.

THE PRINCESS, OR THE BEGUINE—By *Lady Morgan*—Carey & Lea, Philadelphia—is, in all respects, the antipodes of the book we noticed last. Written by a woman whose talents are exceeded only by their eccentricity and misapplication, it is a strange medley of faults and beauties, truths and absurdities, strong points and foibles; though candor compels us to state, that the worse qualities have a very decided superiority. Describing society in its most artificial, most corrupt, and at the same time most refined point, Lady Morgan has here painted it as being ten times more corrupt and artificial than it really is. Wishing to render it a vehicle of her ultra-European radicalism, she has been compelled to exaggerate her assumptions, in order to justify her deductions. She has been compelled to blacken the blackest traits of human nature, in its most unnatural position, lest they should appear inadequate to call forth her sweeping, and, in many cases, unmeaning, tirades. We have neither the time, the patience, nor the desire to go into an elaborate consideration of this highly-spiced but ill-concocted dish. With much individual truth of character, her *dramatis personæ* are generally false. Her clever men act like fools, her clever women play the deuce, and for no ostensible end, or conceivable purpose. The main object of the book is the condemnation of England, and the glorification of Belgium!—Now we confess, that, although we admit the existence of many faults in the constitution, both social and political, of Great Britain, we cannot think well of any child of hers, who stands forth to point the sword against the parent. Universal philanthropy is a very fine thing; but we believe that, like charity, it mostly begins at home. A bad citizen of one government rarely or never makes a good citizen of another. And a man, still more a woman, without patriotism, is little different from the one devoid of honor, and the other of chastity. Give us one Camillus rather than ten, or ten times ten, Coriolani. To us this objection we confess is nearly insuperable—let the enemies of a country assail it, her children must defend

her if they can, and if truth forbid them, shame, if not charity, should teach them to be silent. But this is not all—*truth* is not in the Princess. It is obviously a book written—as we fear it will do—to *sell*!

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE MAN IN THE WORLD—By *Captain Chamier*.—Harper & Brothers, New-York. A clever, unnatural, book enough! In some respects, of the same class with the last mentioned, it is infinitely superior, as it is neither false nor malicious, but only a little extravagant and *ad captandum*. The unfortunate man is a little more unfortunate than any man could well be; and yet it is so ill-managed, that in many instances he is more fortunate than unfortunate, although the good luck goes for nothing, while the evil does, in good sooth, abominably prevail. *Exempli gratia*: It was a very unlucky thing for Mr. Ganjam to be kidnapped by a slaver; still more unfortunate that the slaver should be captured by a pirate—all her hands, save two, walking the plank with more or less equanimity,—but it was infinitely more *fortunate*, that Mr. Ganjam should, with one solitary companion, escape from the massacre by concealing themselves in the main-top;—more fortunate yet that the vessel, which the pirates had set on fire, should go out of itself;—and most fortunate of all, that Mr. Ganjam's worthy ally, and sole surviving shipmate, should be frustrated, by a very inartificial *ruse* of the narrator, in his desire to send him adrift on a grating, in the middle of the broad Atlantic. This, however, *en passant*!—The book, is, on the whole, sufficiently amusing; somewhat in the Tom Cringle style, but more *outré* and less clever; the greatest objection to it is, a little vein of indelicacy, running like a subterraneous stream beneath the surface, and at times emerging to the astonishment, and, we trust, displeasure of the reader. Without doing any good, works of this nature do little or no harm, and sometimes induce people to spend an hour in their perusal, which might be worse employed.

CRABBE'S LIFE, AND NEW POEMS—By *HIS SON*.—Carey, Lea, & Blanchard, Philadelphia. We are not, it is true, in general, vast admirers of your uneducated poets, your self-taught philosophers, your new-light men, who have taken to the *new* simply because they lacked the diligence to acquire, or the intellect to comprehend, the *old*. We believe that scores of excellent shoemakers and ploughboys, of first-rate cooks and sempstresses, have been converted, by the well-meant, but ill-judged patronage of literary coteries, into very indifferent poets, and very unhappy individuals. That there are some exceptions to this rule is not to be doubted, when the names of Burns and Crabbe can be cited, as hav-

ing sprung from the humbler walks of society, and risen to celebrity, mainly by the vigor of their own unassisted minds. As the historian of the poor, Crabbe is unrivalled; deeply acquainted with their wants, their sorrows, their virtues, and their sins, he has painted the lights and shadows of their humble, and to them eventful, lives, with exquisite truth, and with a minuteness of finish, which, trite as the comparison may seem, we can assimilate to nothing but the elaborate cabinet-pictures of the Flemish school. To Crabbe, as a man deeply read, in the feelings of the human heart, we can assign a station above all other writers; but, in our opinion, he is not a poet, in the highest sense of the word. His conceptions are, for the most part, rude, and, though natural, hard and inelegant; nor are there many passages to be found in his works, which, if deprived of the recurrence of the rhyme, and perhaps slightly transposed, might not be made to pass for very straight-forward prose. He probably chose verse as a medium for the conveyance of his ideas, rather as being peculiarly suitable to the terse antithesis and epigrammatic point in which he so much rejoices, than as being poetically inclined in imagination or temperament. His pictures of scenery, though beautifully minute, so much so that we should conceive it no hard matter to sketch the very places described from his words, never appear to have called up in his mind any of those sweet and strange associations, which, on such occasions, will rise, unbidden and unaccountable guests, upon every truly poetical soul. He has no enthusiasm—no delicacy—if he is ever sublime, he is so as it were in spite of himself, the sublimity lies in the scene, which he describes, exactly as he viewed it, without the smallest embellishment, without the smallest effort to excite any feeling in the mind of his reader, by suffering his language to represent his own sensations. So also, if we weep with him, it is not his narrative, his pathos, that calls forth our tears, it is the simple fact, which he relates simply. We weep, as we should weep hearing of the death of a dear friend, not because the sad event was beautifully narrated, but merely because it was *sad*. Such as he was, however, he was alone, and it is little likely that the world will ever see another.

DEARBORN'S LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE.—SHAKESPEARE, 6 VOLS.—We are indeed rejoiced, to perceive that the enterprise of this spirited publisher has been in no degree paralyzed by his late calamity. His complete edition of Shakspeare has appeared, and Dryden is announced, as in immediate preparation. If any thing can add to the attraction of such works as these, it is the extraordinary ac-

curacy, and beauty, of the typography of Dearborn's editions.

PARK THEATRE.—*Mr. Hows.* We take an early opportunity of giving our unbiased opinion of the pretensions of this gentleman; and, candidly speaking, they do not fully answer our expectations. That Mr. Hows has clear conceptions of his characters is evident at a glance: that he is always a sensible, and often an admirable, reader, we become the more assured the oftener we see him; and in addition to all this, he is perfect in the minutiae and discipline of the stage; but—for the odious monosyllable must come out—he is deficient in power—in energy—in the *virida vis*, we will not say *animi*, but *vocis*, which is, after all, the great organ for unlocking the sympathies of the human heart. In SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, his first scene was good, he was rational, collected, and made his points. We found ourselves going with him. We said, by and by, when he gets to his situations, he will brighten up, his voice will clear, he will grow stronger; but it was not so; and we left the theatre, almost convinced that the defect of his voice was too great to be conquered, even by his decided talents. In SHYLOCK—his second appearance—we liked him infinitely better; his voice *was* stronger, his conceptions *were* perfect; and we were, on the whole, so much gratified, as almost to return to our preconceived impressions. Subsequent parts, have not, however, confirmed this favorable opinion. We fear that Mr. Hows has not the energy, either of voice or constitution, to enable him to play characters of passion or spirit. It was, however, at once our decision that, in all parts wherein chaste acting, excellent taste, and clear conceptions, would tell, without much exertion of voice, Mr. Hows would be admirable. In Shakspeare's old men—not Lear, but Gloster—Adam, in *As you Like it*—Adam Winterton, in the *Iron Chest*—Prospero, in the *Tempest*—and in a hundred other characters of a similar cast, we conceive it would be no easy thing to surpass, or even equal Mr. Hows. This faculty, in addition to his perfect knowledge of what he is about, his taste in costume, and apparent knowledge of historical, no less than scenic, propriety, if they do not entitle him to shine as a first-rate star, would, we are certain, render him an almost invaluable acquisition to any company that shall be so fortunate as permanently to engage his services.

Of the admirable *Miss Phillips* we have not now room to speak, but we will endeavour, in our next number, to do justice to those talents, which seem, for the first time, to have been fully appreciated here, during her present engagement.